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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 215.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 15, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

LADY THEODOSIA ACHESON

She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Gosford and a grand-daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire. Her engagement is just announced to the Hon. Thomas Agar-Robartes, son of Lord Clifden, who was unseated from Bodmin owing to a technical breach of the Corruption Act. He is now one of the Liberal Candidates for the Ashburton Division

No. 215.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to London Charities." (Chatto and Windus : 1*s.* 6*d.*)
"A Master Mariner." Edited by Herbert Compton. (Fisher Unwin : 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Lotos." By Harold Simpson. (Greening : 5*s.* net.)
"Woman and the Wise." Edited by G. F. Monkshood. (Greening : 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Launcelot and Guenever." By A. C. Robinson. (Appleton : 1*s.* net.)
"A Woman's Aye and Nay." By Lucas Cleeve. (Long : 6*s.*)
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"Man and the Cassock." By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Methuen : 6*s.*)
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"The Sacred Herb." By Fergus Hume. (Long : 6*s.*)
"The Black Stain." By Geo. R. Sims. (Jarrold : 1*s.* net.)
"Ibsen." By Edmund Gosse. (Hodder and Stoughton : 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Golden Fleece." By Reginald St. Barbe. (Sisleys.)
"Cleeve's End." By Herbert Chorley. (Sisleys.)
"The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin : 6*s.*)
"James Thomson." (English Men of Letters Series.) By G. C. Macaulay. (Macmillan : 2*s.* net.)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 15, 1908

Seventeen bomb outrages have occurred in Barcelona during the past year, and it is believed that, if they continue at this rate, the town authorities will have shortly to increase their staff of street-cleaners.

* * *

The effect of a musical programme upon the Dartmoor convicts, who afterwards rose and attacked their warders, has been the occasion of what we cannot but regard as a somewhat hypocritical surprise in the Press. Surely we have, all of us, convicts or no, had the impulse to rise and attack somebody, after listening for some time to certain kinds of music? Yet we ought to possess more self-control than the average convict.

* * *

"Another new name," wrote the *Evening News*, on the 7th, apropos of the *Times* transfer, "mentioned in connection with the chage is that of Sir Alexader Henderson." We hope our contemporary's cold is, by now, better.

* * *

"Can criminals be cured by surgery?" asks a contemporary. Undoubtedly they can, though cases of recovery from the surgeon's knife are on record. But few, indeed, recover from the mortal wound inflicted by the appliance of scaffolding and ropes at present in use. Why, then, adopt a more expensive method of "cure"?

At the Freezing of the Pipes

SCENE: *Any Suburban Villa*

PLUMBER: "Have you got all we want for Brown's job?"
BOY: "Yes."
PLUMBER: "Wot? You 'aven't forgotten *nothin'*? Bless my soul, 'ow d'you expect to make a plumber?"

BY G. HENRY EVISON

* * *

According to the *Daily Mail's* staff physician, "appetite may be stimulated by sight, smell, taste, or even hearing, and these facts should be made use of when one is arranging a diet for an invalid." But how, exactly, does one make an invalid hear her chicken-broth? Even a doubtful egg is rarely sonorous, and a well-cooked lobster never screams at table.

* * *

Sir David Gill has definitely pronounced against the probability of Mars having any canals, and though angling societies are naturally disappointed, there are compensations for the destruction of this theory. As an old lady remarked, on hearing Sir David, "At any rate, then, there will not be any dreadful bargees' language on Mars."

M. Paderewski cut himself while shaving a few days ago, says a cable, "but managed nevertheless to fulfil his engagements the same evening." This is the sort of emergency in which greatness comes to the top and proves itself. The ordinary man, of course, would at once have sent for the ambulance and had himself carried to the nearest hospital.

* * *

It seems that a London Pageant is inevitable, and Regent's Park will probably be the fatal scene. As the Master has observed, the roar of London does not penetrate there, which is nice for those who like pageants. For those who do not, it will be a satisfaction to know that the Pageant, being in Regent's Park, will not be forced upon them. Thus, both parties will be pleased. The 10,000 actors required should not be hard to find. Perhaps, indeed, the Unemployed Bill will provide some of these. The forty-eight vessels with gold-leaf sails, on the other hand, may take some looking for. We have not seen any vessels with gold-leaf sails lately. The L.C.C. steamers hadn't sails, of course, or they would, no doubt, have been gold-leaf.

* * *

Personally, we almost wish that some of the episodes were not going to be quite so historical. King Lud, for example, who founded London (his real name was Lund, but living here and, consequently, often having a cold in the head—as the Pageant Committee will, no doubt, explain, in the interests of history—he got to call himself "Lud"), King Lud, we repeat, strikes us as a bit of an antique. He ought to be accompanied by an ichthyosaurus and a bone pick-axe, if he appears at all. But why should he? He didn't do the job of founding well—as the poet remarks:

A Monarch named Lud was the man
Who the City of London began;
It seems a great pity
When founding a City
He didn't have more of a plan.

And in any case he is too early to be genuinely interesting.

Lessons in Journalese: No. 6

HOW TO WRITE FOR "TOM FOOL" (THE PENNY 'STRUTH!)

TOM FOOL'S LITTER BAG

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a smack at, his humorous correspondents.*]

ALGY (Nuneaton) wants a bun for a clergyman who spoke of a "three-legged cat and other quadrupeds." If, however, the reverend gentleman hails from the same place as Algy, we are afraid the bun would not be appreciated! See?

STEWART (Glasgow).—Come and have a drink with us by all means when you come to London—that is if you are really no relation of the Public Trustee.

A. S. (North East Borneo).—Thanks. We are not taking any. Your initials are surely not quite complete.

FATHEAD (Balham).—Glad to hear your dear old mother likes "Fool's Eyes." We do our best to be lively.

B. SHARP.—We like your cheek, but hadn't you better try a safety razor?

SHERLOCK (G.P.O. North) sends us what is apparently a reproduction of a photograph in the *Weekly Blotch*, and asks us to say whether it is meant to be Mr. Balfour putting at North Berwick, or Canterbury Cathedral in a snowstorm. We confess ourselves beaten, and give it up. Grim Joe, to whom we showed it, thinks it might be the Duke of Portland's (alleged) whiskers!

P. T. O.—A little late in the day. Our buns are too precious.

NO LUCK (Carlton Hotel).—Limerick competitions are often frauds. We've had one ourselves.

H. A. D. (Walton-on-the-Naze).—Utter bosh. Men who wear fur coats are often *quite* honest.

R. (Llanfairfechan).—Toodleoo!

TURKOPHILE (Constantinople).—What a Harem Scare'em fellow you are! Thanks all the same.

F. O. B. (Wiesbaden).—We have already alluded to the habit of spitting in tramcars. The cutting you send is merely silly.

HELPLESS (Regent's Park) says that the other day someone left a motor-car at his house on approval without any order from him, and asks, can he be made to pay for it? We are not sure, but the whole thing is probably a swindle. He had better wait a few days at any rate, and meanwhile he should see that the servants do not use it.

CANDID (St. Quintin's Park) writes: "What I like about you is your "don't-care-a-twopenny-d-whether-we're-had-up-for-libel-or-not" sort of tone. Thanks "Candid," we suppose we *are* like that.

F. A. S. (Inverary).—Quite good enough for a bun, but hardly printable. It amused us very much, however.

"BENJY" (Ashford).—'Sh! This is a family paper!

R. S. P.—Sorry. We didn't know it was meant for poetry. Grim Joe used it as a pipe-light.

C. O. D. (*at least that's what it looks like*).—We cannot give a bun to the judge who said, "Who is Harry Lauder?" The bun-box would soon be empty at that rate.

M. T. HEAD.—There are *very* few flies on Grim Joe. We have counted them.

GIRLY (Brixton).—You cannot get a real gold chain for sixpence. It looks to us very like a swindle.

BOY BLUE (Tobermory).—Hoo-blooming-ray! but isn't it a bit risky?

S. H. T.—We are fed up with Lord Southcliffe's rags just at present.

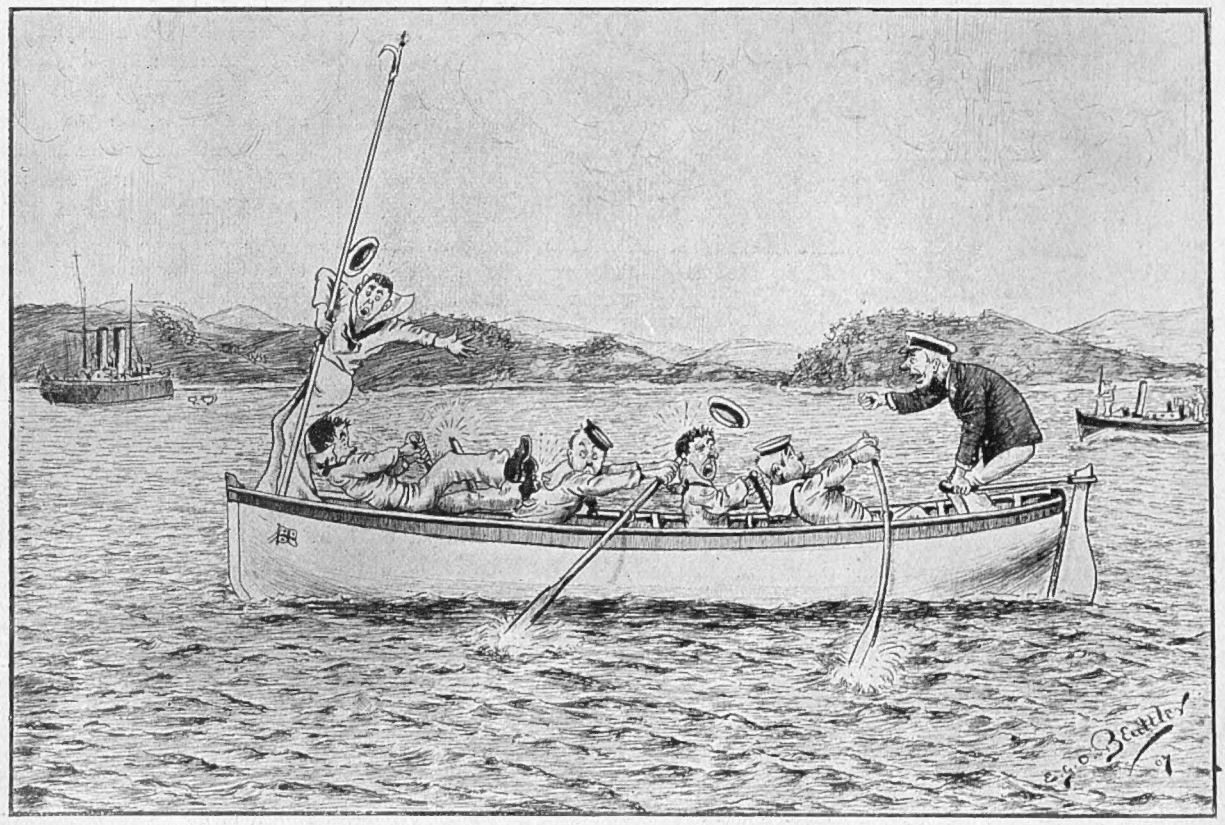
DOUBLE X.—If that is your idea of a joke, we should be sorry to meet you when you were serious.

DENSE 'UN (Littlehampton).—Of course, there are always holes in your socks, or how could you get your feet into them? Pay up and look pleasant.

B. F. R.—Whew! You have given Grim Joe quite a shock.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over thousands of replies—we* could *fill the whole paper like this!*)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY



No. 6.—A CLASS LEARNING TO PULL

"The trivial round and common task" of the bluejacket's life, as illustrated week by week on this page, are of intense human interest, and each of the pictures should be carefully preserved. This week's contribution to the series serves to show that the curriculum includes practice in language, hortative and picturesque, as well as the gentle art of crab-catching

By E. G O. BEUTTLER

Neglected by the State

DESTITUTE CRIMEAN VETERANS WHOM THE PUBLIC ARE BEING IMPORTUNED TO SUPPORT

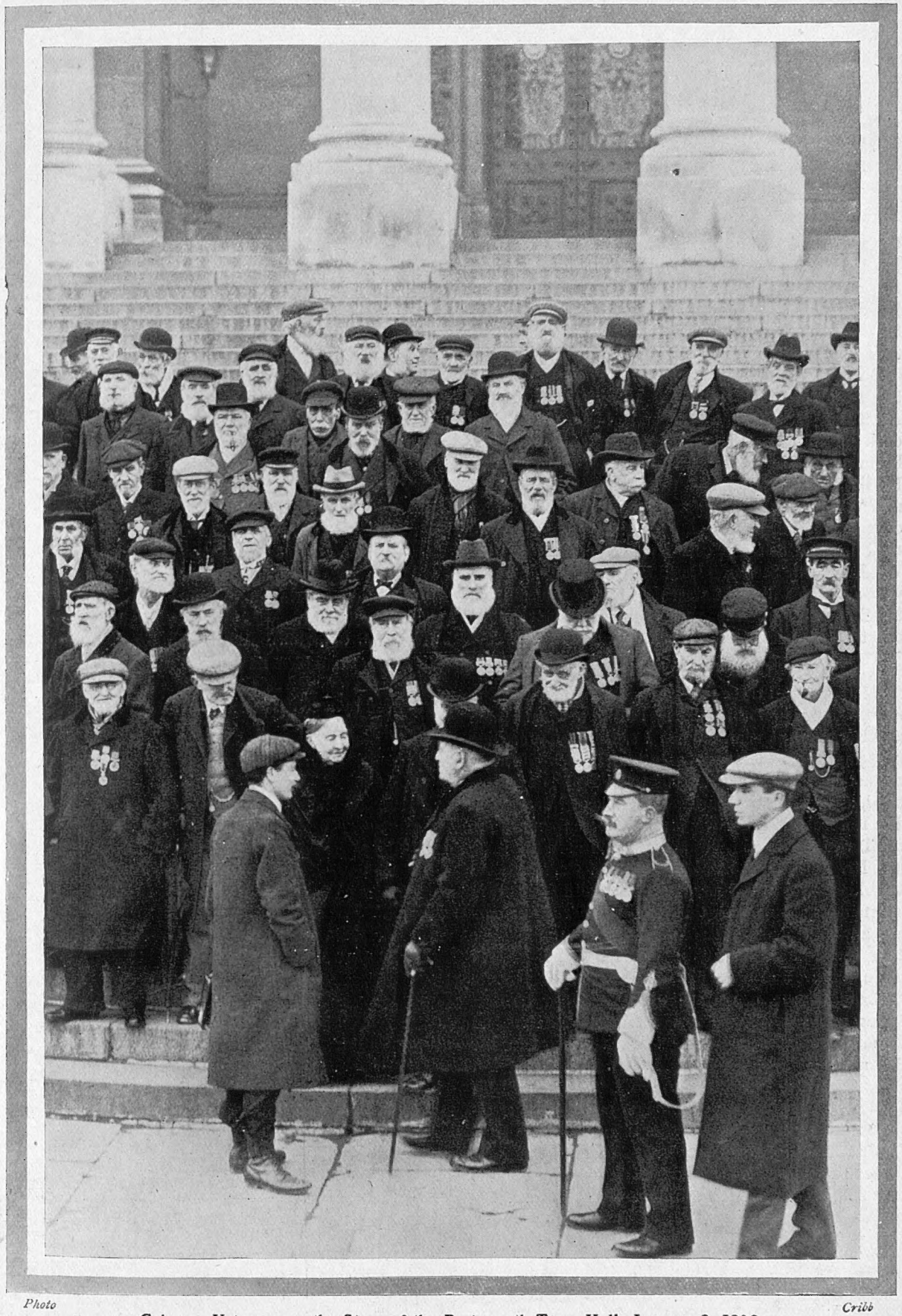


Photo *Cribb*

Crimean Veterans on the Steps of the Portsmouth Town Hall, January 9, 1908

The condition of the old warriors has moved the King and Royal Family to make yet another appeal to the public for funds, which, so far, has met with a generous response

RACING NOTIONS

HANDICAP ENTRIES. BY CARBINE

Satisfactory Entries

It cannot be said that there is anything really startling about the entries, yet, taking them on the whole, they come out satisfactorily enough. One is sorry to observe that that grand old race, the Chester Cup, one of the most historic events in the country, has failed to fill, and will have to be reopened, while the same thing has occurred in regard to the Manchester Cup.

Will the French Win their Third Lincoln?

One would have imagined that the two victories of Ob and the landing of his owner of such a bet as £10,000 to £500, would have induced a number of French owners to have a go for the Lincolnshire Handicap. As a matter of fact, there are only four French entries, and of these two belong to Ob's owner, M. Ephrussi. A very useful pair they are, namely, Ascalon and Monitor. The latter will be recalled as one of the smartest two-year-olds seen at Ascot last season. The Frenchmen had a tremendous dash on him for the Coventry Stakes, confidently believing that he would beat Prospector and the other English cracks. They lost their money, Monitor running "green," but the race sharpened him up, and three days later M. Ephrussi and his friends recovered all their losses when the colt stylishly carried off the Windsor Castle Stakes. Decidedly, Monitor is a three-year-old who will want watching for the Lincoln, for M. Ephrussi likes the race, and his trainer knows exactly what sort of preparation is wanted for it.

Other Lincoln Horses

Another useful three-year-old is the Irish colt Temeraire, who was in nothing like his best form when beaten at Liverpool last year. When I said in the preceding paragraph that there were only four French entries, I did not count the two belonging to Baron M. de Rothschild, as these are in Blackwell's stable at Newmarket. The Rothschilds are now a stronger force than ever on the Turf, Mr. Leopold, Baron Maurice, Baron Edouard, and Mr. "Jimmy" being members of the family all very keen about the sport and not at all backward in substantially supporting their opinions. Their colours are always popular. Kaffir Chief, who would have won the Lincoln last year but for Ob, is entered again, and we also note such dangerous-looking entries as Land League, a great horse on the day he beat Malua and won the Cambridgeshire, and Tirara, an eccentric mare that will always be remembered for her electrical display at Kempton Park last autumn. Mr. Solly Joel, it is interesting to see, has nominated his French purchase, Eider, who fought out that never-to-be-forgotten finish with the White Knight for the Gold Cup at Ascot. He scarcely seems to be the type of horse to win the Lincoln, but one must take it, I suppose, that he has been entered with that object in view.

The "City" and the Jubilee

Despite the counter attractions of comparatively new events like the Newbury Spring Cup and the Queen's Prize at Kempton, the old favourite race, the City and Suburban, manages to maintain its popularity. The Newbury Cup, I am afraid, has the effect of occasionally taking the interest out of the Epsom race, and I remember that last season most of us thought that the one race pointed clearly to the success of Larino in the other. Yet Velocity came along with a magnificent performance to upset calculations. There are more good-class horses in the "City" than in the Lincoln, and among last season's winners, Wuffy, Dinneford, Dalkeith, Menu, All Black, Malua, and Tirara are conspicuous. But for "class" the Jubilee is the best of all. Last week I remarked how interesting it would be if Woolwinder and Galvani were to meet in this race. The former has not been entered, but Major Loder's colt is there, and so is another "real good 'un" like "Boss" Croker's Rhodora, who many think will win the Oaks, and prove the best of her age. It looks like being an interesting Jubilee.

Steeplechasing

Whether racing will be possible at Hurst Park at the end of the week is a present doubtful, but in the hope of a change in the weather I select **Venetian** to win the Maiden Hurdle Race, and **On Guard** the Novices' Steeplechase on Friday, while **Baeldi** may take the Middlesex Steeplechase on the following day.

Mrs. Cornwallis West: A Correction

We are asked by Mr. Cornwallis West to contradict some statements we published in our issue of January 1 with regard to his wife, Mrs. Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill). We are informed by Mr. West that the stories have no foundation in fact, and we beg to express our regret that we should have been misinformed by a contributor and should have given them currency.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

January 15 to 21*

Wed.	Fair, dull, cold, frosty. Light wind E.N.E.
Thurs.	Frosty, with some snow; dull and colder; barometer falls. Light wind E.N.E.
Fri.	Bright intervals, snow showers, frost. Light wind E.N.E.
Sat.	Snow showers, frosty; barometer still falls. Wind E., stronger.
Sun.	Dull, milder, some rain; barometer falls lowest. Strong East wind. *Seismic disturbances in North Britain and between Greece and Asia Minor.*
Mon.	Local rain showers, dull; barometer begins to rise.
Tues.	Fair, dull, and milder; barometer rises.

*Calculated for longitude 0° and latitude 51° 30' North, and should very approximately agree with the records of Greenwich Observatory.

'Chasing at Windsor

A FALL IN THE ETON HURDLE HANDICAP

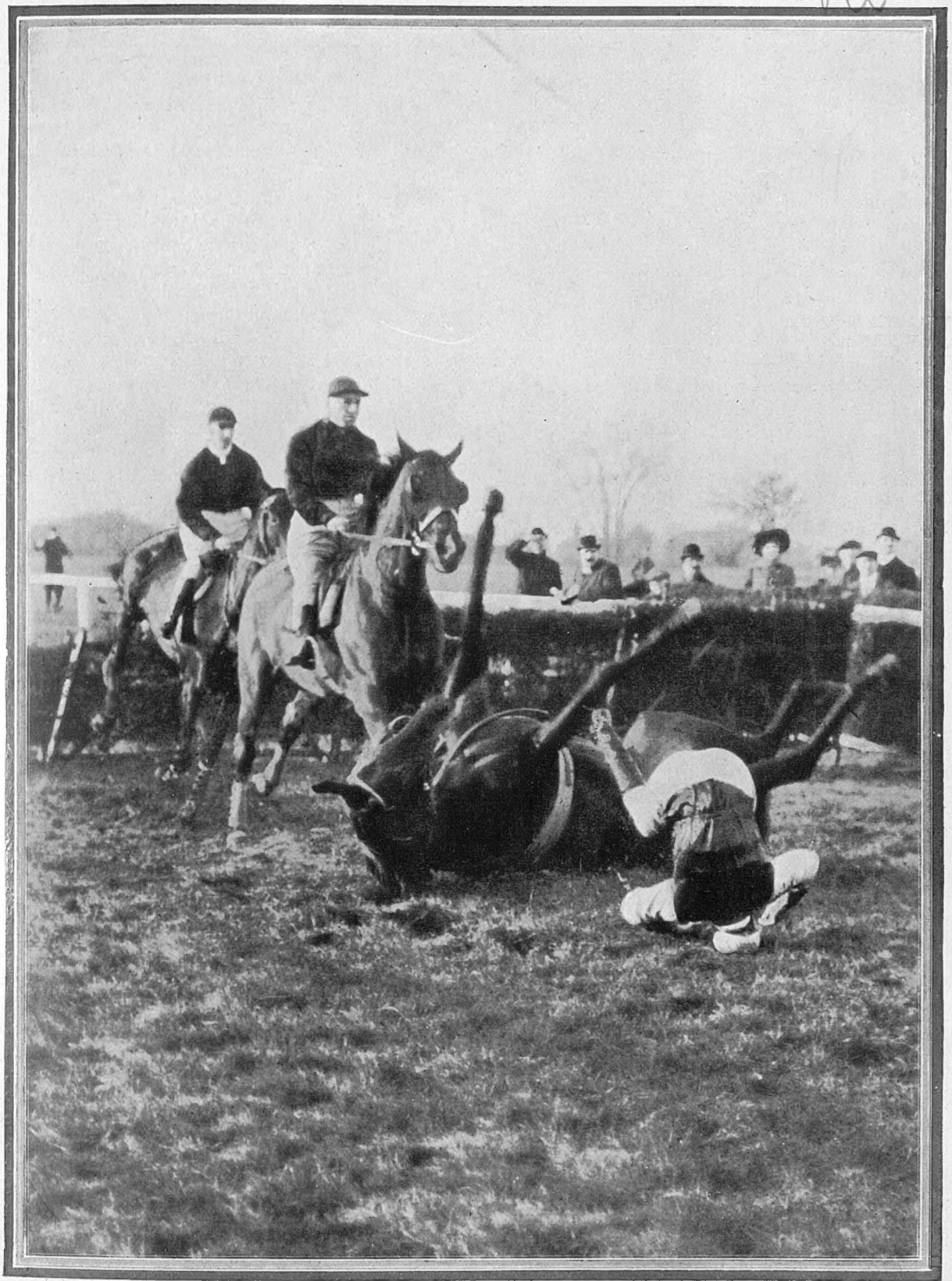


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

BLUE SAND GOES DOWN WITH TRATTEN

Despite the frost, racing was possible at Windsor on Friday, and some good sport was witnessed. Several falls, however, took place, the worst being in the Eton Hurdle Handicap, in which Blue Sand came to grief, and Shaun Dhuv and Lord Bilbrook, following close behind, fell over her. Luckily no serious injuries resulted.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

Sir Marcus Samuel

Who has retired from business as a protest against the "mediocrity" of public men of to-day (always excepting Sir John Fisher)

The Lesson of St. Lazare

The most pleasant item of news of the New Year to me was the attack on the Gare St. Lazare by a crowd of three thousand Parisian suburbanites, infuriated, at last, to frenzy by the persistent lateness of the trains. I don't mean to say that I was glad to hear that an engine-driver and an inspector and some clerks had been pounced upon and nearly lynched: I am, after all, humane; but the principle underlying the riot was one which I should like to see hammered home. It proves that there is, at all events, one country in Europe where the middle classes do not allow themselves to be outraged with impunity by officialdom. We want to infuse a little of this spirit into our own countrymen. There is, I believe, a Middle Classes Defence League. Defence, indeed! The very word bespeaks timidity. Why should the middle classes—and the upper classes, too, for that matter—only be content to defend themselves against oppression? What is wanted is a Middle (and Upper) Classes Offence League, which shall be animated by a spirit as pugnacious, and if necessary as sanguinary, as that of the St. Lazarians. Railway termini would not, in that event, be the only buildings which would be intermittently wrecked, and unpunctual trains not the only offence avenged. The vision occurs to me of a Somerset House laid in smoking ruins by infuriated recipients of those Income Tax ultimatums, which insolently inform the miserable taxpayer that, unless he pays up before February 1, the privacy of his home is liable to be invaded by his Majesty's bailiffs. I learn that the behaviour of the St. Lazarians has resulted in an immense improvement in the train service. Is it not likely that a similarly pugnacious spirit on the part of our own people, who are daily subjected to discomfort and insult by officialdom, would produce equally salutary results? Come, now! Where is the gallant fellow that shall play the Wat Tyler to this new and highly deserving rebellion?

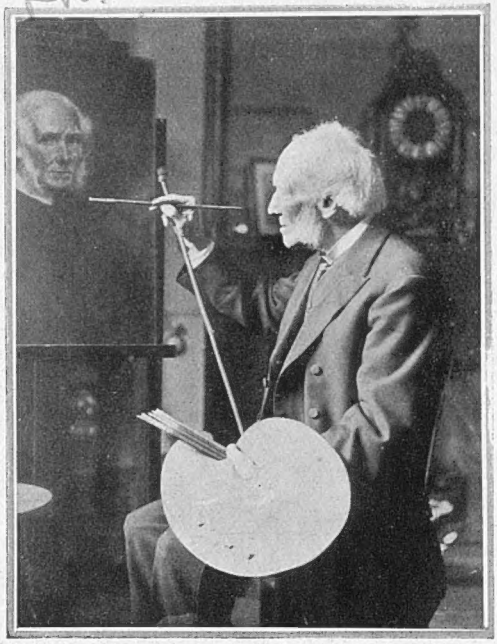


Photo Illustrations Bureau

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.

The famous artist, who, at the age of ninety, has been honoured by the C.V.O. by H.M. the King

Marcus and Mediocrity

It is because the middle class is so essentially "middle" that it is so impotent. A prominent protest against to-day's "middlingness" is Sir Marcus Samuel's retirement. We have been so used to hearing nothing but a low mumble of self-satisfaction from quarters mayoral and municipal, that it is a real and pleasant surprise to hear Sir Marcus, an ex-Lord Mayor, give, as his reason for retirement from civic and business duties, "the mediocrity of all present-day public men." Sir Marcus has shown himself during his career no mediocrity. A son of the great middle class himself, he has helped to build up the great firm of M. Samuel and Co., of Billiter Street. His energy and foresight have shown themselves in a hundred ways. He was quick to gauge the commercial wants of the Far East and especially Japan, and catching the flood-tide at the critical moment in that land, when things modern and Western were in demand, a huge connection was built up very quickly. Like Mr. Rockefeller, he "struck oil," and is the pioneer of the oil trade with the East. Incidentally, he is the chairman of the Shell Trading Company. To his firm also fell the task of supplying stores to the Japanese during the war.

* * *

Royal Movements

While the King is at Biarritz, the Queen at Sandringham, and, later, both are cruising in the Mediterranean, the Prince and Princess of Wales, neither of whom are as yet in the least addicted to the constant Continental flittings which enliven the lives of their Majesties, will be in residence at Marlborough House. After the opening of Parliament, and until the season begins with the return of the Court to England in May, there is always a multitude of functions at which it is desirable that some very distinguished personage should be present. It is during the early Spring months, therefore, that Londoners see more of the Princess of Wales than through all the rest of the year.

Street Scenes of the Week

The King at Wrest Park

Should his Majesty carry out his announced intention of visiting Mr. Whitelaw Reid at Wrest Park, the sumptuous seat which Lord Lucas prefers rather to let than occupy, he will confer a signal honour upon America's representative. Never before has the Sovereign slept under the roof of the Minister of a foreign Power, though King Edward, of course, has always marked out for special favour the leading lights of the Corps Diplomatique. Time was, not so very long since, when a Minister, suspected of undue popularity in the country of his temporary adoption, would be summarily recalled, such conditions being considered prejudicial to the best interests of the country he served. To-day, the Corps Diplomatique is not only the most-sought-after set in the social world, but is also that which has access to that small and select *entourage* presided over by the Queen as well as the King.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Alleged Blackmail of Mr. Sol Joel

Von Veltheim proceeding to the Court under a strong escort

"C. A. P."

For those who cherish still the old traditions of the *Times*, it is cheering to remember that Mr. Pearson, although the appeal of his journals hitherto has been chiefly to the populace, is himself a former member of Winchester, our oldest public school, and the school, too, which is, of all, most intimately associated with the *Times*, that journalistic haven of old public school boys. "C. A. P." will, therefore, come into that office—so much more like a Government office than the ordinary newspaper Babel—hardly a stranger to the many Wykehamists there.

* * *

The Pearsonification of the "Times"

So far as the general public interested in newspapers are concerned, the news of the change in the management of the *Times* has not been greeted with any of the dreary laments that might have been droned a few years back at the same transfer.

Photo] **Suffragettes adjourn Business for Tea just like Ordinary Women** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The photograph reproduced above depicts (as our contemporary, the *Tatler*, would say) a group of Suffragettes (ladies who are in favour of the granting of the Suffrage to women—*i.e.* persons of the female sex) adjourning for tea after parading the streets of the West End advertising a meeting for one and a half hours

The Children's Civic Ball

SOME CHARMING COSTUMES AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON JANUARY 10

Photos
Miss Muriel Sayer as "Joan of Arc"

Master Ronald Armstrong Jones as "A Barrister"

Speaight
Miss Marjorie Barblett as "A Rose Maiden"

Photos
Miss Ursula Radford as "The Borough of Plymouth"

Master Jocelyn de Selincourt and Miss Joan Parkinson as "Rupert of Hentzau" and "Dresden China Shepherdess"

Speaight
Master Leonard Fowler as "Lohengrin"

Photos
Miss Grace Thacker as "Her Great-Grandmother"

Speaight
Miss Sybil Pound as "A Coster"

Jack Lotinga as a Pierrot (Red)

A Daughter of "Truth"

Photo *Boissonas and Taponier*

The Marquise de Rudini, daughter of Mr. Henry Labouchere. (A hitherto unpublished photograph)

Though well known in Roman Society as the wife of the head of one of Italy's most distinguished houses, the Marquise is little known in England. She has lately been interesting herself in the formation of a Ladies' Club in Rome, the membership of which is to be limited to twenty-four

Yarmouth v. Yarmouth!

People are agreeing that Mr. Pearson, at his very smartest, could scarcely "modernise" *Times* business methods any more effectually than have already Messrs. Hooper and Jackson and Moberly Bell. I should, personally, be disposed to greet Mr. Pearson's acquisition as a welcome promise of a return on the part of the *Times* to its "good old" traditions. To fear that it will now become a "yellow" journal, that "Imperial and Foreign Intelligence" will be called "Pickled Pars," that the leaders will be split up into bright fragments and headed "Hustle or Hook It," is not a little ridiculous. Mr. Pearson, and those who work with him, have matured, and he is probably a wiser, if not a sadder, man than of yore. He has had to do with Mr. Chamberlain; he has been heavy with Tariff Reform; he suffered the General Election of 1906. But, politically, the times are changing, the pendulum is swinging. He is forty-one now; at forty-five, Mr. Pearson *may* be, with his *Times*, his two *Standards*, and his *Express*, the journalistic lion rampant of successful Toryism: the mouthpiece of an Imperial Premier.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Yarmouth

(Formerly Miss Alice Thaw, of Pittsburg.) Her ladyship's nullity suit against the Earl will come before the Court at the Hilary Term

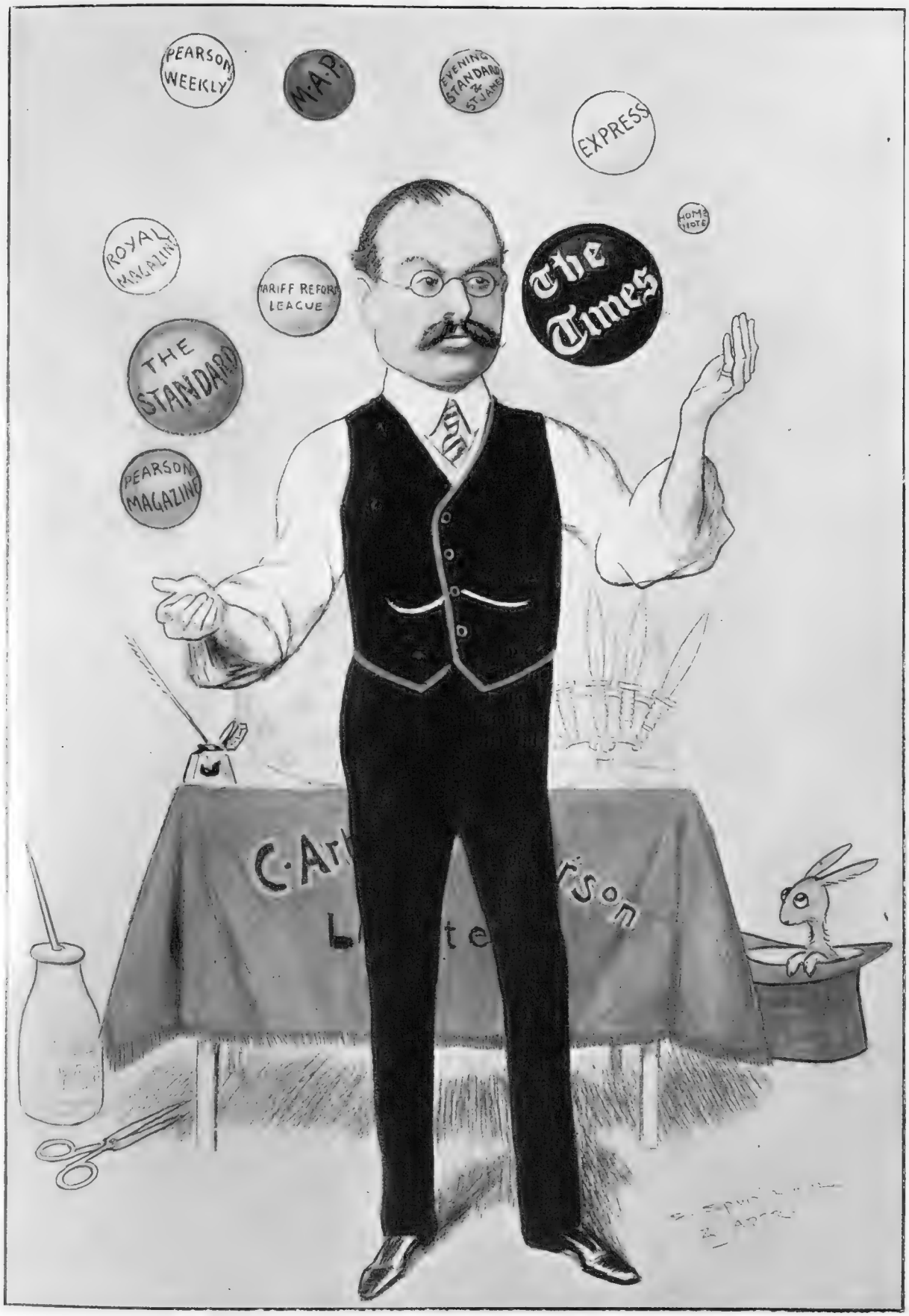
The Yarmouth Law Suit

Just as every soldier of Napoleon carried in his knapsack the baton of a Marshal of France, so in England, as someone somewhere sapiently remarked, do every fashionable married couple, especially if they be of the Anglo-American variety, carry in their pockets a petition for divorce. Actresses, which, as we know, will happen even in the best-regulated families, when they manage to annex the eldest sons of peers of the Realm, avoid the Divorce Courts, as they avoid the stagey scenes of former triumphs, with engaging fervour. But American heiresses in like circumstances have no such scruples, and the latest to make her appearance as a litigant is the Countess of Yarmouth, whose suit for nullity of marriage against the Earl is to be heard *in camera* during the Hilary Term. American women, it has been said, unlike Frenchwomen, who were made to please men, and Englishwomen, for whom men were made to please, were made to please themselves. Lady Yarmouth certainly pleased herself in her marriage to the son and heir of the

Photo] Mr. Beerbohm Tree Mr. Hall Caine [*Graphic Photo Union*

Discussing the Burst Bubble: Prominent hearers emerging from the last sitting of the Druce Case

What Will He Do With It?



Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who has acquired control of the "Times"

Everybody is congratulating him on the latest and greatest of his many ventures. It is hoped that he will be wary, and that the future will not prove Shakespeare to have been speaking prophetically when he put into the mouth of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* a reference to "these most brisk and giddy-paced 'Times'"

(A revised edition of the drawing, the "Expresstidigitator," by S. Spurrier, published in THE BYSTANDER, *August* 31, 1904*)*

The Kaiser as a Godfather

Photo *Keutlinger*

Mrs. Hildebrand Harmsworth

To whom a son was born on the 29th ult.

Marquis of Hertford, for it was long before Mrs. Thaw, her mother, would give her consent to the marriage, and though Harry Thaw, now on trial for the murder of Stanford White, was originally Lord Yarmouth's friend, neither he nor his father nor his elder brother would lend sanction to the marriage.

* * *

Haste and Repentance

The Earl's love-making was both arduous and sensible. He certainly was not backward in his quest of the golden girl, for he did not rest satisfied until his future mother-in-law gave her consent to the engagement. Then, when the question of settlements came up, the Earl stood stolidly out until his bride's income was brought up to something like £20,000 a year. As heir-apparent to the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Yarmouth is lineal descendant of that "Marquis of Steyne" whom Thackeray held up to public gaze in "Vanity Fair." Hertford House, where the Wallace Collection is stored, and which no good American ever misses, for he feels he has a semi-proprietary interest therein, was the family residence until the nation purchased it at a cost of £100,000.

* * *

The Earl and Countess

With that wit which invariably distinguishes givers of nicknames, the Earl of Yarmouth is known to his friends as "The Bloater." His most marked predilection is for skirt-dancing, at which he really excels. Tall, dark, and clean-shaven, he does not look his nearly forty years, and he is a well-known figure on the river above Cookham, where he has a house. The Hertfords, as everyone knows, are no longer possessed of that wealth which brought greatness to their ancestors. For years, Ragley Hall has been let, and the possible withdrawal of the Thaw thousands will not, therefore, in anyway improve matters. The Countess is also dark, but very quiet and shy. She has never entertained or gone out much, but she has made a good many friends on this side, and much sympathy is felt for her in the circumstances which have led up to the institution of the present suit. Her loyalty to her brother, Harry Thaw, proved her to be not wanting in "grit," and the very fact of her bringing this suit proves her more proud than ambitious.

* * *

The Druce Case

Suffice it to say that this case is another illustration of that love of the marvellous which is so deeply ingrained in human nature, and is likely to be remembered as furnishing one more striking proof of the unfathomable depths of human credulity.

Thus, Mr. Plowden, in his gentle voice, with nervous hands fingering those famous glasses, when, on the first hearing of the Druce case after the Highgate exhumation, the bubble which has "floated so long and so mischievously out of reach" was effectually pricked at last. Mr. Plowden spoke delightfully. But, then, before what an audience! Appreciation simply isn't the word. Sitting at his feet were those masters respectively of literature and elocution—Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Hall, when it was all over, came up and held the magisterial hand and murmured faint, sweet approval of the magisterial comments, and Beerbohm, large and debonair, did the same. It was quite a play, for all the morning the victorious Herbert had glared with

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Kaiser as Godfather

The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury and their son and heir, who is to be christened next Sunday week. The Kaiser is standing as Godfather, in fulfilment of a promise made when he visited Heron Court

Shot—then Snapshotted

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF A PANTHER IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING BROUGHT DOWN

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

As big-game shooting is at present attracting to the distant parts of the dark continents so many well-known men (and women !), this photograph is of some topical interest. The panther was shot dead near Bangalore, Mysore, by Colonel Hooper. After it had mauled the Colonel's companion, Major Poole (of the 12th Lancers), the infuriated beast disappeared among the rocks. On its charging forth again, Colonel Hooper shot it through the heart, and it fell dead under the rocks

Some Winter Weddings

hardly suppressed scorn at poor George Hollamby, and all the morning had been driven home unswervingly, and without hesitation, those long, clean, sure nails which closed for ever the Druce Coffin myth.

* * *

In Court

In Clerkenwell Police Court, for the last time, stretched on each side of Mr. Plowden that bevy of beauty without which no hearing of the Druce Perjury Case could have been complete. How dull will seem the "drunks" and "maintenances" after Druce and millinery! Really—though everyone is awfully glad, and all that, that Mr. Druce's character for Washingtonian truthfulness is completely cleared — disappointment filled us all last week when slowly, but very surely, down came the fireproof curtain of damning proof on our exciting Druce drama. It had been a new experience. Bubbles are so pretty, and they amuse us. Why *must* they burst? It was quite sad to contemplate. No more of those charming sittings; no more sandwiches on the bench and claret out of a flask; no more surreptitious posing as you caught the eagle eye of one of those "reporter men"; no more staring frightened witnesses out of countenance, or getting up in the middle of the night to drive to Clerkenwell. We are minus a sensation. And that is always a grievance. Still, there is always hope.

* * *

Some Early Arrivals

Early in the New Year though it is, already there promises to be a record season all through the Engadine. Montreux, of course, holds first place as a centre, for the delights of the incomparable Caux are within easy distance. Here the German Ambassador is recruiting after the strain of the Kaiser's visit to England, and other visitors include Princess Pauline Dhuleep Singh, Lady Eardley Wilmot and her son, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Lady Macfarlane, Lady Gertrude Cochrane, and Sir Buchanan and Lady Scott. Further afield, at Davos, Lady Chelsea, Lord and Lady Lytton—the former very busy with Mr. E. F. Benson on his Public Schools' Sports Club, and Lady Lytton, as usual, confining herself to the daytime sports and withdrawing from participation in any hotel gaieties—Lord Ranfurly, Lord Lyveden, and Lady Wenlock are all settled for some weeks.

The Hon. C. G. Murray

The second surviving son of Lord Elibank, of Darnhall, Eddleston, Peebles-shire, who is to marry Mrs. Aspinwall on January 23. He is Private Secretary to Sir Francis Hopwood at the Colonial Office

Photos *Thomson*

Mrs. Aspinwall

Widow of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Aspinwall, and daughter of the late Mr. Henry Madocks, of Ovington House, Ovington Square. She is to marry the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray on January 23

* * *

Royal Visitors

Among the many annual visitors to St. Moritz are the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany and the latter's sister, the Crown Princess of Denmark, with her two sons. Both Princesses —future Queens — are alike in their delicacy of constitution, their love of dress, and their proud possession of a couple of sturdy sons. The Crown Princess of Germany, since her marriage, has grown stronger, and has even managed to spend a whole winter amidst the rigours of the Berlin climate—a thing which, as a girl, would have been considered utterly out of the question for her. The Crown Princess of Denmark, her elder sister, whose husband, by the way, has inherited the immense height which distinguishes his mother, the Queen, has not been so fortunate, and it is feared that, like her near neighbour, the new Queen of Sweden, Northern winters will always be impossible to her.

* * *

Winter Weddings

This month and next will see, for the time of year, quite an unusual number of weddings in our midst. An Irish marriage of interest is that of Lady Eileen Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Lord Dunraven, to Lord Ardee; and two others are those of the Hon. Bertie Grosvenor, eldest son of Lord Ebury, to Miss Padelford, only daughter of Mrs. Ernest Cunard, and of the Hon. Hugh Wyndham to the daughter of Viscount Cobham. The marriage of Lord Crewe's daughter, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, to Mr. Colville takes place next week, on the same day as that on which the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray marries Mrs. Aspinwall. Mr. Murray, who is Private Secretary to Sir Francis Hopwood is the second surviving son of Lord and Lady Elibank. The future Mrs. Murray is a grand-daughter, on the distaff side, of Lord Napier of Magdala.

By Children for Children

LITTLE "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

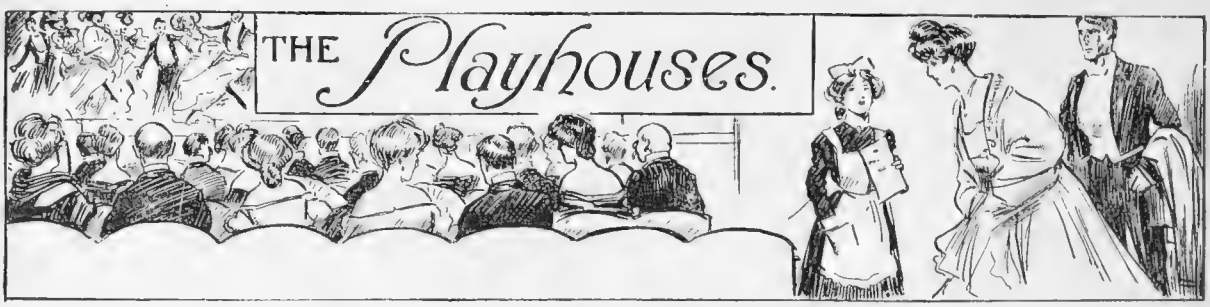
(1)

(2)

(3) *Photos* *Foulsham and Banfield*

(1) Miss Peggy Bethel in Miss Gracie Leigh's part of Mina (2) Sally (Miss Maggie Jarvis) and the Bandmaster (Miss Ethel Lawson)
(3) Master Archie McCaig as Van Eck

Mr. Frank Curzon deserves congratulation for his happy idea of producing a juvenile edition of that attractive musical comedy, *Miss Hook of Holland*, played by children for children. The assumption by boys and girls of the rôles of talented grown-up actors and actresses is no light one, yet G. P. Huntley's and Gracie Leigh's imitators do not merely mimic their prototypes, but perform some real and highly creditable acting



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

A BUNDLE OF OLD PROGRAMMES

Piled high upon a shelf, waiting that day of classification that never comes, is a bundle of old programmes. They represent evenings spent in the playhouses during the departed year. I wish I could liken them to rose petals in a bowl. Alas! it is not fragrance the majority give out, but a dreary odour as of things that were not very beautiful when alive, so dying are musty and dusty. I would I could grow tenderly reminiscent about the theatrical year 1907; that I could weave a bright garland of pleasure from the passing hours in the playhouse. If I weaved such a chaplet, there would be entwined in it the dull weed—dissatisfaction. So we will dive into the pile of programmes, and every time we pull out a bad play we will drop it without comment. The actors who played in them, the managers who produced them, the playgoer who saw them — all are striving to forget them. Let us not disturb by incautious comment the process that leads to oblivion. I fancy I can hear the voice of the auctioneer. He is putting up the year's plays in lots. I give you his comments, but not the bids. That way trouble lies.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Beerbohm Tree

As John Jasper in *Edwin Drood* at His Majesty's

"Lot number one, *Brewster's Millions*, gentlemen. Slap-dash farcical comedy founded upon an excellent idea. Plenty of plays about men who strive to make thousands. Here's one about a young gentleman who is forced to spend thousands—in a given time, too. There's humour for you, and a capital part for the "star." What? You would like to see Gerald du Maurier in something better! I will see if it can be arranged. A simple matter. I will commission someone to write a good comedy of manners—a sort of *School for Scandal* up to date, and Du Maurier shall be the "star." You laugh at the notion of anyone writing such a play, I presume? Well, it *might* be a little difficult to find the dramatist. Meanwhile, *Brewster's Millions* will make as much money in a year as Brewster was able to spend in the same time.

"Next lot, *The Truth*, in which Miss Tempest tells untruths so bewitchingly. One of Clyde Fitch's prize packets. He got the record for turning out actable plays. He had six running in New York at once. What? English audiences don't cotton to them? What about *The Climbers*, with the famous funeral scene as opening? That made 'em sit up; though, perhaps, not for long. But Clyde Fitch will knock 'em in England yet. A fine gift of observation. Can put real live everyday people upon the stage almost as well as a French dramatist.

"Next lot, the Sothern-Marlowe repertory. Yes, I know they opened with *The Sunken Bell*, which made people yawn, and that their advance paragraphist was a bit too frisky. He ought to have been a trumpeter. We don't like being told that expenses of production are so great that the "co-stars" couldn't possibly make a cent out of the trip. Sounds as if they came over simply to edify us. Still, sensible people forgave these little mistakes, and enjoyed *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Much Ado About Nothing* immensely. We were just getting fond of them when their season had perforce to wind up. Hope to see them again.

"Next lot, Savoy revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. Someone had made the brilliant discovery that a new generation had sprung up anxious to hear the melodies their elders were always humming. Tremendous success. House full of old boys reminiscing and young boys telling them to shut up and listen to what was going on.

"Next lot, *Antony and Cleopatra*—magnificent Shakesperean spectacle on the scale we have learned to expect from Mr. Tree. So sumptuous that we forgave him his Antony. Did you ever see a better looking, better posing, better stepping Cleopatra than Miss Constance Collier? Accentuated the physical as opposed to the mental side of the rôle? Oh, you're too particular! Ought to be one of those sour-minded critics.

"Mr. Arthur Bourchier's little lot—no order, mind. *The Duel*. Fine subject, Priest and Atheist fighting for the soul of a woman. True, English version a little shaky, atmosphere of dialectics and religion

The Drood Case: A Sitting at His Majesty's

SCENES FROM "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"

DRAWN AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

not preserved in course of adaptation. Still, some fine acting by Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Cyril Keightly. Better play in French? Quite so; but deserved a longer run in England.

"*Mr. Sheridan.*—Simple, tender little play. Why Mr. Sheridan more than Mr. Ernest Smith? Guess I'm stumped there.

"*Irene Wycherley.*—Brand-new genius, Mr. Anthony Wharton, discovered in Dublin. What a find! Enabled Miss Lena Ashwell to make a brilliant debut as actress-manageress. An ugly picture of life if you will, but true. Ought you to take—? Sorry, but I cannot advise young ladies about plays to which they can safely take their mothers.

"*John Glayde's Honour.*—The pick of the bunch, gentlemen. Well constructed, well knit, no ragged ends to it. What? A ragged ending! Ah, you have me there! But I disagree with you about the "curtain." The wife deserved no better fate than to be turned over by a contemptuous husband to her lover. You see, the husband was not a brute. He had forgiven his wife once. She had kissed him with a lie upon her lips, and telling him she would be back in half an hour, had coolly gone off to elope! To forgive such a woman seventy times seven times would be charitable but unavailing. She would be ready to sin the 491st time as soon as an opportunity presented itself. Clever Mr. Sutro! He introduces just enough moral problem in his plays to make the public think he is working out a tremendous question of ethics. One young critic made the surprising discovery that Sutro was not a great thinker and teacher of mankind, and slated him unmercifully in a monthly review. This earnest young critic overlooks the fact that Sutro makes no claim to be a teacher. He is merely a clever dramatist, who spices his plays according to the taste of the public. If he were a greater philosopher, he would, in all probability, be a lesser playwright.

"Gentlemen, the lots are getting low before I reach the job lot of plays that have failed to make a mark, but which contain some excellent material. So, with your kind permission, we will adjourn proceedings till next week, when I hope to be able to dispose of further lots of plays with the 1907 brand."

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

Miss Gertrude Kingston

Who is superintending the stage management of the productions during Mr. Norman Roe's season at the Royalty

LONDON'S ONLY LADY STAGE DIRECTOR

Photo *Beresford*

Mr. Norman Roe

Who is opening a season at the Royalty Theatre with *Susannah and Some Others* next Tuesday

LONDON'S YOUNGEST MANAGER

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

An actor as well as a cricketer can face a desperate situation with a stout heart. The stage version of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is almost a forlorn hope. It is a mere succession of disjointed scenes. It is constantly playing the actor false. But Mr. Tree set his teeth and battled doggedly against this unwieldy, lumbering version. If you would gain an idea of the struggle, you must know that it is Mr. Tree's business to create an atmosphere of horror and guilt and mental torture. A scene commences. Take, for instance, the scene in Mr. Crisparkle's room. John Jasper, with the imagination of his own supposed guilt full upon him, his mouth dry, and his fingers twitching with remorse, has to joke and laugh and play the rôle of an innocent man. In such a scene — and there are several of them—Mr. Tree, by sheer cleverness, manages to seize the attention of the house. He works upon the feelings of his audience until he has enchained their interest, until he makes them lean forward fascinated by the spectacle of John Jasper's mental anguish. He bares the mind of John Jasper to their gaze, and they are absorbed in its working. At the end of every scene Mr. Tree triumphs, but directly the curtain rises on the next scene this amazing, exasperating play dissipates all the effect Mr. Tree has created. It is not an easy matter for an actor to create an atmosphere of horror. When he has succeeded in doing so, the play itself should help him by bottling up that atmosphere, and not suffering it to escape. Mr. Tree is constantly being "let down" by the play. Inch by inch he fought this rambling, barely intelligible adaptation, and in the end he triumphed. For he makes of John Jasper a rôle that no lover of acting should miss. To make 39 runs for the last wicket in a Test Match and to force an audience to be interested in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*—these are to snatch victories in the very teeth of defeats. Mr. Tree, Barnes, and Fielder are the heroes of the New Year.

Mr. William Haviland infused a great amount of dry humour into the rôle of Mr. Grewgious, and Mr. G. W. Anson was very comical as Dundles. Miss Adrienne Augarde had the best opportunities among the ladies of the cast.

E. C. S.

Mr. Hawtrey at Home Again

IN GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FARCE AT THE VAUDEVILLE

"Ironing done here"

CHARLIE (*Mr. Hawtrey*): "Is that better?"
MR. DUMPHIE (*Mr. Holman Clark*): "You've no idea what a relief that is"

Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Muriel Beaumont as Mr. and Mrs. Ingleton

CHARLIE: "Agnes. my darling!"

Photos] **An Amusing Scene in "Dear Old Charlie," at the Vaudeville** *[Dover Street Studios*

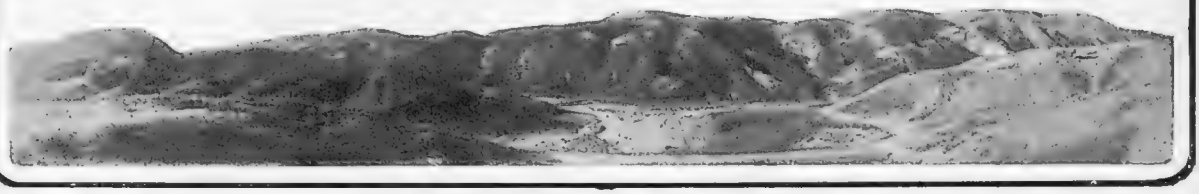
CHARLIE: "All shut your eyes"

Left to right: Col. Fishbourne (*Mr. Edward Fitzgerald*), Mr. Peploe (*Mr. Charles Groves*), Charlie Ingleton (*Mr. Hawtrey*), Mr. Dumphie (*Mr. Holman Clark*), Agnes (*Miss Muriel Beaumont*), Mrs. Fishbourne (*Miss Helen Rous*)

In this very French farce which Mr. Charles Brookfield has adapted most artfully, "dear old Charlie," before his marriage with the fair Agnes, has been an intimate and most welcome guest in two households, the Dumphie's and the Peploe's. The audience are told as plainly as the adaptor dare that the wife is in each case Charlie's lodestone. The artful Charlie manages to persuade each of the husbands that the other is, to put it mildly, a confiding fool. In the scene depicted above, Charlie has got into a tangle over the letters from the two wives, and adopts the ruse of making the company shut their eyes while he effects a change and saves the situation

HELOUAN FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

A RETREAT FROM CROWDED CAIRO



View of the Desert near Helouan

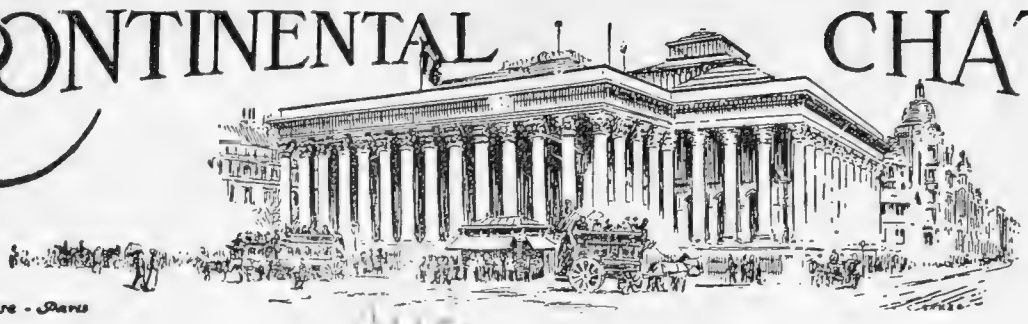
The Baths at Helouan

There are several kinds of mineral waters springing from the soil in the Desert. The two chief ones are sulphuro-saline and simple saline. The sulphur water is stronger here than at any European spa

The Casino, recently opened at Helouan. English and Egyptian bands play nearly every day, and many visitors come out from Cairo

Helouan is a little town of brilliant sunshine and marvellously pure light air, lying sixteen miles south of gay, cosmopolitan Cairo. A few years ago it was given a bad name, and was openly alluded to as—dull. So several clever people set their energies to work and changed all that. To-day, no one can say of Helouan that there is "nothing to do." There is everything to do, every amusement of which a pleasure resort can boast, from dancing to golfing, from tennis to riding in the Desert. The Light Delta Railway runs an excellent service of trains from Cairo to Helouan, and now that the city is becoming very crowded and many of the luxuriant gardens which formerly gave it so much beauty are being destroyed, many persons prefer to live in Helouan and go into town as they may require

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Le Louvre - Paris

"The Gay Lord Boni"

The Castellane scandal is the topic of the hour. Far too much attention is being paid to it. And Boni de Castellane, otherwise known as "The Gay Lord Boni," whose disgraceful conduct was made so public a year ago, is once again the hero of the hour. Even after a week, both he and his cousin are to be seen sitting in popular *café's* relating their adventures to the newspaper representatives of four lands. One might easily imagine them great benefactors of humanity rather than men whose morality is beneath contempt. That Boni de Castellane had every right to attack his cousin most persons agree. But his mode of action, the time and the place, were very ill-chosen, unless he purposely wished to create a scandal For Lady Errington he had a particular affection, and hoped to come in for a large share of her fortune. I don't know whether his wishes have been gratified. Perhaps so, seeing he was present at the funeral Mass. That, however, did not prevent his knocking his cousin down outside the church door, and behaving and using language unworthy of a common street navvy.

* * *

The Reason for the Attack

The Prince de Segun, the recipient of the blows, and cousin of Boni de Castellane, has a worse reputation than the latter, if that can be possible. Indeed, so bad is it, that the "Gay Lord" and his father have for a long time been obliged to cut him. That he should have dared—even though "a Talleyrand-Perigord"—to attend the funeral Mass was Count Boni's first reason for anger

From King to Queen

The wire-haired terrier sent by the King as a present to the Queen of Spain

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

A Royal Spanish Shooting-Party

The King and Queen of Spain at a shooting-party on the estate of the Duke of Santona at Ventorilla. The Duke is one of the leading lights of International Polo

Although the two cousins have refused to give the real cause of their dispute, it has for some time been a *secret de polichinelle.* The Prince de Segun has proposed marriage to the ex-Countess de Castellane, and she, without the consent of her family, has accepted. Consequently, should this ceremony take place, the Gould dollars would be out of Count Boni's reach for ever.

* * *

Wholesale Scandalmongers

In spite of what is known of his private life, Count Boni de Castellane is not unpopular. Even the men who despise him most do not object to wasting half an hour in his company. This brazen man amuses them, even though his mind and appearance would lead one to suppose him a *garçon coiffeur.* As Deputy for the Basses Pyrenées he has a salary, he "signs" articles on important subjects, accepts percentages on the sale of goods of all kinds, and is not above accepting large cheques from fashionable ladies. His father, more ambitious, writes plays, and during his son's marriage there was no difficulty in finding the necessary capital for their performance. Now, it appears, he makes quite a comfortable dress allowance out of the articles sent by him to America. He is a kind of wholesale dealer in scandal, and finds it pays. The Castellane affair from behind the scenes will bring him in a nice round sum. Those articles written by him express the father's regret that he arrived too late to help his son thrash the traitor.

* * *

New Opera in Paris

Parisians are eagerly waiting for the opening of the

Grand Opera, which, under new directorship, promises all kinds of improvements. On New Year's Day, M. Gailhard's term of office expired, and he is now thinking of going to London, where he intends starting an elaborate Conservatoire of Music and Opera combined. The reason given for M. Gailhard's removal from the post of director of the Paris Opera, a post which he occupied for so many years, was his lack of enterprise. The Ministerial reason was his refusal to avail himself of the services of Rose Carron, whose singing days, it may be added, have been for some time a thing of the past. M. Gailhard is not really lacking in enterprise. In a State institution like the Opera, however, where each one has his allotted work given and paid for by the State, it is very difficult not to fall into grooves. When a duty, for which no particular functionary has been appointed, turns up, it has to be left undone. In a State theatre, too, whence people come because it is the fashion, and boxes are paid for by the year, the director may easily get into the habit of using a worn-out repertoire. Besides M. Messager (late of Covent Garden), the other directors who are replacing M. Gailhard are M. Broussan, a successful baritone and director of the Lyons Opera, and M. Pierre Lagarde, a well-known painter, who is responsible for the scenery. When the Opera opens again, all kinds of changes will be seen. Even the popular Gounod's *Faust*, which is used in all cases of emergency, is to be remounted. New pieces will be given; among other things, a special season of Russian music, which is so popular at present. There will be new singers, new scenery, a new buffet, and lower prices. Surely this should content Paris for some time to come.

Russia's Real Rulers

News from Russia is causing a great deal of apprehension among her friends in Paris. Frenchmen generally have long had misgivings about the advantages and really effective character of the Russian alliance. If M. Delcassé had had his own way, it would have been dropped as an essential factor in French foreign policy. The feeling that the friendship of England is a sufficient alliance in itself for balancing French fears against those of Germany, however, has not been that of the leaders in France, who still consider Russia's eventual assistance a safeguard against aggression. The more so as Germany showed her teeth from the moment Russia became too fully engaged elsewhere to assert herself in European events. Yet the majority of Frenchmen deeply sympathise with the struggle for political freedom against the Government, on whose ability to act they would have to rely in case of need. The whole truth seems to be that the Empress (though her health is at present causing considerable anxiety) and M. Stolypin govern the country — the Emperor himself being a cipher in the political machine. Full of good intentions, he is hopelessly incapable of applying himself seriously to any work which requires thought or action. The Empress, however, is no "Katherine." Faultless in her life and bigoted in her religion, she has a strong, tenacious will, which, beside that of her weak-kneed husband, is more and more developing. Were she under an influence which could widen her sympathies and make her more akin with her subjects, she might save Russia, for she has the material of a great Sovereign.

Photo *Cambbell*

Mending the House of Lords

Needlewomen at work on the carpet of the Upper House, which may (a'as!) this year be trodden for the last time by the feet of hereditary legislators

A Magnificent Jump of One Hundred Feet

Photo Bolak

How to Fall—One Way

How to Fall—Another Way!

Photos **DOINGS AT CHAMOUNIX** *Illustrations Bureau*

International Ski Competitions held last week at Chamounix were attended by enthusiasts of all nationalities. Some magnificent jumping was seen, especially that of the Norwegians, who seemed to be literally flying in mid-air. Our top photograph shows a Norwegian soldier making a jump of 31 metres (about 100 feet) from the springing-board before he touched earth—down a very steep declivity. Falls were very numerous, and the two small photographs show competitors alighting elsewhere than on their feet

Ski-ing a

WHERE THE ALPINE CLU
HOLDING AN INTERNA

Photos

Norwegian Soldiers Jumping in Couples

Photo

Photos

A Ski-Jumper in Mid-Air. (Snapshotted from under the spring-board)

A SKI PARTY A CH
FOR A TOUR T

In the background is ran
which Mont Blanc is highe
the only French wi lpin
accessible from Pa the
fastest and most lu is i
has good hotels shop
proclivities of the ch
opener" to the E visit
of frost are quite us e a
that, with the sun s , on

Chamounix

OF FRANCE HAVE BEEN TIONAL TOURNAMENT

Bolak

Start of a Ladies' Ski Race

The winner, a pretty French girl, was, at the presentation of prizes, saluted on both cheeks by the General Commanding the District, the President of th races, and all the other high functionaries

Graphic Photo Union

HAMOUNIX GOING THE MOUNTAINS

nge of Pennine Alps, of hest peak. Chamounix is ine resort, and is easily e P.L.M. Railway, the in France. Chamounix ops, and the sporting natives are an "eye- itors. Although 30 deg. air is so beautifully dry ne feels almost hot!

Illustrations Bureau

The Finish of a Good Jump: The Ski-runner has just landed on "terra firma"

Photo *Ward Muir*

SKATING AT DAVOS: ON THE LARET LAKE, NEAR KLOSTERS

Davos, St. Moritz, and other Swiss resorts are now quite full. Next week, skating and other winter sports competitions will take place there

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 112

THE EVIL PART

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Why did we choose the evil part? Why did we leave our Paradise?—E. NESBIT.

THE restful woman is not a commonplace type. Her mouth and eyes are sweet in expression, she is graciously plump, dressed either in black or dark neutral tints, and her speech is soft. Such was Mrs. Eleanor Hildreth.

To the suspicious private secretary of John Winckworth Wilson, M.P., she looked very much like a Suffragist. He had sat on his employer's platform on many an occasion, and seen just such a mild, gentle-faced woman carried out by red-browed stewards. By bitter experience he had learned that the rowdiest and most obstreperous of these terrible petticoated raiders had often the faces of matronly angels, the speech of nuns, and the subdued dress of the tactful chaperon. He would suspect the *bonâ fide* of the Sleeping Beauty, the armlessness of the Venus de Milo, yea, the disposition of the sexless Sphinx, after the storm and tempest of recent meetings. If Mrs. Hildreth wanted a ticket for Tuesday's reunion at the Town Hall, she could not have it.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hildreth, smiling slightly, and moving her hands, which were encased in a small fur muff, to the point of her knee; "but I don't want to go to the meeting. I wish to see Mr. Wilson. Will you please take my name in?"

The private secretary shuddered. A deputation, no doubt! Small, certainly, but he had seen what a *petite*, pinched atom of femininity could contribute towards the hubbub of a gigantic meeting, and—— well!——he would not take the risk.

"Mr. Wilson is extremely busy. You have no appointment, I know. If you will leave your card, I will tell him of your visit." Mrs. Hildreth smiled, oh, so sweetly.

"You will take my name in now. If he refuses to see me, I will go." The private secretary hesitated. Would she go? They were in rooms in a small hotel in a Northern manufacturing town. He did not remember having seen an attendant about the hotel physically capable of carrying this persistent woman out. That she would go of her own accord, unsatisfied, he could not for a moment believe. That was not his experience of the modern female agitator. He sat still looking at her for an appreciable space of time. Then he rose petulantly, and snapping up the card entered an inner room. Mrs. Hildreth moved nervously in her chair. She grasped her little umbrella. If the private secretary had only seen her do this, he would have roused the hotel at once. Suddenly the door of the inner room opened sharply, and a tall, bearded man came hastily forward. Mrs. Hildreth stood up to receive him. They scanned each other's faces intently. Then Mrs. Hildreth's lips shaped that sweet, winning smile. Mr. Wilson smiled too. He held out both his hands, and took her little gloved one between his. So they stood, looking at each other, still smiling with unabashed pleasure. In the background gasped the private secretary.

"Come into my room," at length said Mr. Wilson, speaking brokenly under the curb of happy emotion. They went together into the inner sanctum. The private secretary, who hated hussies, largely because he lacked originality, banged on his hat and went out into the stern aroma of England's industrial pride.

"How good of you to come and see me," said John Wilson.

"How nice of you to be so pleased; to welcome me so sincerely!" Still smiling bewitchingly, Mrs. Hildreth put her muff on the table, and, at a sign from her host, also removed her fur coat. Her complexion instantly lost a part of its charm, and some hard, sad lines became noticeable, though her tender eyes lost none of their fascination.

Wilson still looked at her delightedly. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other. He took her hands again—both her hands—looked at them long and keenly, pressed them to his shoulders, and laughed happily into her plump, smiling face. She yielded unhesitatingly to his affectionate attentions, and when he brought her a chair, and, sitting opposite to her, looked smilingly at her tiny shoes, she did not trouble to hide them under her skirts.

"Twenty-three years, Nell?"

"Twenty-three years, Jack."

They scrutinised each other again, and laughed this time out loud. The man stroked his beard, and the woman raised her chin till there were no creases in her skin, and her head seemed very lovely.

"What prompted you to come, after all these years, Nell?"

"I could not resist it. Your name has been on the hoardings for weeks past, and every day it tempted me more strongly. Perhaps I should not have crossed your path again. Indeed, I am sure I should not."

"Nonsense, little girl. I can't tell you how sweet it is to see you again. It brings all those old days back, and they were the best, far, far the best, weren't they, Nell? Haven't you found it so?"

"Ah, yes, Jack. If we could always be boys and girls! Do you remember when you dropped the cold chicken on the way home, and that beastly landlord that you locked out all night? Jack, you were such a splendid little—little devil—that's the only word for it." The man chuckled delightedly.

"But you were the inspiration, Nell, you know. Do you remember what a lot of coppers I got, dressed as a blind man on the Brighton front? That was your idea. I wish I had that tin can now."

"And we were tremendously in love, oh, so beautifully in love! And the pink frock was the beginning, wasn't it? I think all real love begins with a pink frock."

"Yes, and then that wretch of a manager of yours made you wear yellow in the second ballet, and what was worse, you took his part. And those pictures of Nelly Hildreth on the hoardings—in yellow. Didn't we squabble over that?"

"But only as pierrot and pierrette squabble, Jackie. After supper, you always smothered me with kisses. You were a stupid old baby, and you were four years older than me."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"I suppose you did think me rather a young ass. You used to make me do anything for you." The woman filled the room with peals of musical laughter.

"Ah, Jack, I loved you; you knew that, didn't you? You were so generous, such a good pal. You had a lot of money to spend; you met me—do you remember how you met me?—and we liked each other. You could not spend it all yourself, and I helped you. Then——"

"Then my father interfered, and I was sent abroad and licked into shape. My parent's death sobered me, and I am now a safe Member of Parliament, with excellent prospects. And what did you do, Nell?"

"I, Jack?" She looked at him wistfully, her lips trembling. "I had some—some bad luck, and some hard, bitterly hard days. Then some friends of—some friends found me, and got me employment at a big draper's. I worked hard and saved carefully. I now have a little business of my own in this town. I have been here for over ten years."

"Why didn't you write to me, Nell. I wrote to you again and again. You know I would have helped you."

"Yes, but—but I had had too much of your money. It wasn't your fault. It was mine, all mine. You didn't think me the sort of girl to worry you afterwards, Jack, did you?"

"It was unfair not to let me help. We had been so much to each other that it was my duty. I wish you had let me know."

"Nonsense, Jack. You gave me those wild, lovely days. I would not wipe out an hour of them. But I would not have asked you for five minutes more than was good for you and your chance in life. It wasn't good for you, was it, Jack? You cannot think of my being so selfish."

"It won't do, Nell. You were wrong. For months and months I was miserable at not hearing from you."

"Don't scold me, dear. I have always flattered myself that I did the right thing, then. At least, I persuaded myself that it was the right thing, Jack."

"You see, Nell, it looked as if—well—as if some young fool with money to spend had taken my place."

"Jack, for shame!" She rose to her feet, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving.

"No, I'm sorry I said that. If it were so, I had no right to expect anything else. But it wasn't so, Nell, I'm sure. Forgive me, little girl."

There were tears on her cheeks as she took his hand. The man covered his eyes. She still held his right hand tightly. Then he felt her soft lips pressed to it, again and again.

"Nell!" He held out his arms to her.

She looked into his eyes long and sadly and shook her head. She then moved to the table and picked up the coat. The man stopped her.

"You're not going yet, Nell, surely. Well, meet me to-night. Let us go to the theatre together, for the sake of the old days. There is a theatre here, I suppose."

"Go to the theatre?" She looked at him as if he had threatened to kill her. "Go to the theatre?"

"Yes, Nell, you can't refuse me. We have so much to talk about, so many happy nights of that kind to recall."

"No." She spoke firmly, but as if strongly tempted.

"But why, dear?" She finished putting on her coat. Then she turned and faced him again, still with the strange look of fear in her face.

"You asked me to go. You—remember that. I suppose you may go. Yes, there can be no harm in your going." She seemed to be talking to herself. "I must go with you too. Yes, it's no good fighting it, perhaps. But you asked me, you asked me."

"Nell, dear, you are over-excited. Sit down a minute." She shook her head.

"Will you call for me, Jack? My address is on the card. Yes, yes, it will be our last evening together."

"Don't say that, Nell, now that you are only just back in my life." But the woman shook her head and smiled very sadly as she moved towards the door

When she had gone, the man sat for some time fingering her visiting card.

"Mrs. Eleanor Hildreth, 17, East Avenue. But why 'Mrs.'? For business convenience, I suppose. And yet I should have thought she would have married."

. . . . . .

The aspect of the auditorium of the Grand Theatre was in the last degree saddening. The seats were only half filled, the colours of the decorations only half alive. Mrs. Hildreth and Mr. Wilson sat at the back of a tiny box on what had once been plush-covered chairs. So depressing was their environment that they sat for some minutes without speaking.

"It doesn't exactly revive the old days," eventually the man commented. Mrs. Hildreth answered him with her eyes.

"I suppose it's the cloud of Anno Domini hanging over us. Sawdust and dirty furniture wouldn't have damped my enthusiasm when you were dancing, Nellie. I daresay you're glad you're right out of it all."

"Yes. But I often ache for just a few hours more. But there would have to be a Jack Wilson to take me to supper afterwards."

"We'll pretend you are playing to-night, Nell, in the pink frock, not the yellow one. And I'll take you to supper and tell you all the remarks I heard the audience make about you. I used to invent most of them, you know."

"Of course you did, but they were just as nice."

"I wonder if I could revive that mood. Perhaps the play will help us. Is it any good?"

"It was a London success, but I am afraid the acting will be poor. They send very dreadful companies here as a rule."

The theme of the play was only moderately entertaining. A woman had, without knowing it, contracted a bigamous marriage, and borne a son to her second husband, whereas her first marriage was unfruitful. In the first act, the audience, but not the heroine, was allowed to know of the continued existence of this first husband, and, therefore, to smile or groan, according to its various temperaments, over the leading lady's tirades against her son's determination to marry the illegitimate daughter of a Countess who had commenced life as a burlesque actress. There were other comic characters, including the Count, gouty but submissive, a fatuous rural Dean, and an unintentionally pathetic butler.

Mr. Wilson, who had never allowed the Corn Exchange or the Established Church to blunt his sense of humour, extracted some agreeable sensations from the gas-stove dialogue, but was disappointed to find that his companion, whose culture and sprightly wit had often surprised him in the days gone by, sat white and smileless throughout the whole of the opening act, her eyes fixed continuously and intently on his face.

(*Continued on page 136*)

"I Don't Think!"

THE INVENTOR OF THE CLASSIC PHRASE (MR. HARRY TATE) IN TWO PANTOMIME ACTS

Piscatorial Pranks: Mr. Harry Tate in his inimitable fishing extravaganza

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

The "I Don't Think" Sketch: Mr. Harry Tate in his motor burlesque in which the famous phrase originated

London's loss is Manchester's gain, for Mr. Harry Tate is now making the inhabitants of Cottonopolis hold their sides with laughter at his screamingly funny antics and burlesques in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal. His extravaganzas best known to Londoner's are his gardening, fishing, and motoring burlesques. The hilarious Eton-collared youth in the latter sketch is the originator of the most popular catch-phrase of the day, "I don't think I" which has completely ousted its forerunners, "Bill Bailey!" "Get your hair cut!" "'E dunno where 'e are!" etc.

(*Continued from page 134*)

"Couldn't you find something to laugh at, Nell?" he asked, rather petulantly.

"I don't feel like that to-night, Jack. It was a ghastly folly our coming here to-night. We couldn't renew old delights in this way. The lapse of years is too great. Indeed, Jack, if you are not too interested in the piece, I would rather go to supper now."

"Oh, we'll see another act, dear. The acting is by no means bad, and I've taken quite a fancy to that young fellow who insists on marrying the little vixen with the red hair. There is a ring in his voice, and something in the size and the breadth of his attitudes, that reminds me of myself when I was twenty-one. Have you noticed it?"

Mrs. Hildreth stared at him as if mesmerised. The same expression of fright came into her eyes as had come when he had first proposed the visit to the theatre.

"Your tie is jerking up, Jack. You never could tie them neatly." He let her re-arrange his tie as they sat in the gloom at the back of the box, and for the first time they bridged the twenty-three years of their separation. But it was only for a moment. Mrs. Hildreth renewed her suggestion that they should go at once to supper.

"Nell, you are unreasonable. There are immense possibilities about this second act. If it was only to see that butler hand round cold-tea liqueurs again, I think I should stop. And the boy? Aren't you interested in that boy? 'Pon my soul, he strides about just as I did at that age. And he's got my old trick of throwing the head back. Haven't you noticed it? You can't imagine how he interests me."

"I didn't notice him very much. He has very little to do."

The curtain was up again. The act proved very strong and very dramatic for the kernel of what was called a comedy. The heroine's first husband politely and delicately revealed to his illegitimate step-son that the latter's *locus standi* was quite negligible, and that far from his mother's objections to the proposed marriage being socially justifiable, he, the illegitimate step-son, had her unconscious bigamy to blame for the fact that he was, to avoid irritating legal terminology, no better than his fatherless *fiancée*. The tense tragedy of the revelation whitened the faces of the greater part of the audience, but Mr. Wilson was so deeply affected that, after sitting with shaking shoulders for a minute or so, he had to go out into the corridor at the back of the box to conceal his emotion. When he returned, the unfortunate victim of this matrimonial tangle was in the throes—indicated by hung head and clenched hands—of passing the information on to his red-haired inamorata. With the aid of a tiny handkerchief, she bore it bravely, and intimated her loyalty to her love, provided always that the aggravating discovery made no difference to her idol's inheritance. The idol was pained. He staccatoed, expostulated, appealed, but the girl was firm. Love in a cottage was ridiculous. She was thinking of him, not herself. A pathetic farewell caused a rustle of handkerchiefs. The stage is filled with a dramatic pause. Enter the victim's mother. She clasps him to her arms. He is her own boy again, and has parted with the nasty little red-haired girl for ever, is it not so? Business. Enter husband No. 1. Face-faint! Curtain.

Mr. Wilson had now no objection to taking supper. He could not persuade himself that the third act was likely to be more educational than the second.

The supper was not a very sparkling affair. The restaurant was too obviously embarrassed by their arrival to hold out any hopes of a palatable menu, and Mrs. Hildreth was as listless as she had been during the play. The man did all the talking. She seemed passively to enjoy his enthusiastic reminiscences, but she rarely made any comment.

"Did you keep any of the old programmes, Nell? I believe I've got them all. I'd frame them cheerfully if I hadn't a private secretary. Even your photograph I couldn't keep on my mantelpiece without men rotting about it. Very few people would believe that we were together to-night simply because we happen to be pals, would they? If we were at the Savoy now, some rag or other would announce that Mr. J. W. Wilson, M.P., was to be seen at supper with a very charming partner, dressed in the new silkeen material, or some such bosh as that. What's up, Nell? Take some more champagne."

Mrs. Hildreth was staring down the long restaurant, and her whole attitude was one of nervous excitement. Wilson gazed at her in amazement, and from her to the glass doors at the far end of the room where two men stood. He recognised one of them at once as the young actor who had interested him so keenly in the theatre. The other was much older, a man of perhaps fifty, whose striking features betokened an uncommon personality. He had played in the piece also, but only a minor character.

The younger of the two men suddenly turned under the influence of the eyes upon him. He smiled to Mrs. Hildreth and stared curiously at Wilson. The latter turned sharply to his companion and caught her smiling response.

"You know him, then! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I—he is coming over to us." There was a catch in her breath. The young man came straight to the table, and Wilson took note of his athletic bearing and the gleam of white teeth between sensuous lips.

"I didn't know you were coming out to-night. Have you been to the theatre?" he asked, taking a vacant seat at the little table.

"You are Mr. Erskine, I think," Wilson was saying to the newcomer. "We had the pleasure of seeing you act to-night." Mrs. Hildreth was apparently too confused to make a formal introduction.

"Did you?" said Mr. Erskine. "I hope you found something in it to amuse you. I think, myself, that it is a thoroughly dull play. I can never see anything funny in matrimonial complications." He spoke very distinctly, never clipping his words, and with a pleasant variation of accent.

"This is an old friend of mine—Mr. Wilson," at length stammered Mrs. Hildreth. "He took quite a fancy to your acting."

"Very nice of you indeed," said Mr. Erskine. "This is only the third part I have played, and, if I were thirty-three instead of twenty-three, I daresay I should play it a great deal better. One never can act a juvenile perfectly, they say, till one is too old for the part."

Wilson nodded. He was not particularly amused by this stage talk, but the personality of the speaker was evidently of keen interest to him. More than once he submitted his new acquaintance to an exhaustive and puzzled scrutiny, conscious at the time of his rudeness, but irresistibly impelled to learn as much of him as was possible from general conversation. Once or twice he turned to Mrs. Hildreth, but she did not meet his puzzled glance with her eyes. He was engaged in the bewildering process of trying to find an answer to a riddle of which he did not know the terms. His replies to Erskine became absent-minded, his irritation at his own inexplicable

(*Continued on page 138*)

The Beauties of Hoar-Frost

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

FAIRY TRACERY WROUGHT BY KING FROST'S NIMBLE FINGERS

(Continued from page 136)

mental unrest became noticeable in his outward manner. It was then Erskine's turn to stare at his companion anxiously. He noticed that Wilson's mind was aloof from the conversation, and yet he was conscious that he had his whole attention. The talk became jerky, irrelevant. They each affected to look at other parties in the restaurant, and yet furtively watched each other's movements. Erskine had an unpleasant sensation of being mesmerised. Presently he rose sharply from the table.

"I really must join Troughton," he said. "I know he's waiting for me. You'll excuse me, won't you? Good-night, mother! You'll be in bed when I come in, I expect." And he strode briskly away into the bar.

Wilson turned a face almost distorted with astonishment to Mrs. Hildreth.

"Your son?" he asked.

"Yes." The woman spoke through her teeth. In her right hand she held a table-knife, which she pressed fiercely into the table-cloth.

"I — surely you are not married? Why, yes. You are wearing a ring. But your name? Who is your husband? Why do you use your maiden name?"

"I have no other."

"Nell!'

"Don't ask me any more."

"But the boy said he was twenty-three. Nell, for God's sake, tell me what this means?"

The woman was silent. Her head was in her hands. The restaurant was emptying, and no one was near. John Wilson leapt to his feet. He clutched her shoulder, forced her face free, stared in her eyes. She shivered in agony.

"Oh, God, Nell, not mine, not mine!" His voice was toneless, breathless. His eyes were starting.

"Yours, Jack. God forgive me, yours!"

. . . . .

A cynical world would flout the possibility of so generous a determination as that of young Nellie Hildreth when she found that the most terrible of penalties was to be paid for those wild, sweet days with Jack Wilson, then an open-handed, warm-hearted young 'Varsity undergraduate. Such of the world as knew of her great sacrifices were, it must be admitted, none too eager to dissuade her from her plucky purpose, which was to keep the secret at all costs from the then far-distant lover. Those that knew, and they were some of Jack Wilson's friends, were kind. They acted according to their own lights, and contributed money. When the baby was born, they put Nellie on her feet again commercially, and she no doubt owed them a very great debt. These friends of Jack's had at first been afraid of her, had plotted how to stop her mouth if she spoke. But the little woman shamed their schemes. Jack had been good, oh, so good, to her. She could not regret an hour that she had given to him, that he had given to her. And he also should never repent one hour, if she could so plan it. Jack should be free. The fault was hers. Jack's friends before her face told her she was splendid, and among themselves thanked God.

O fools! Since the first parents tired of Paradise and chose in foolish stealth the evil part, there has been no secret sin. The lie you said, the thing you stole, the knife with which you stabbed—perhaps the world cannot point to these. Then the secret is with your conscience, and where could there be more cruel keeping? The guilty, but unsuspected, often proclaim their crimes, because the secret cannot be withheld from the conscience. And the conscience is more vindictive than the world. Better far to sin in public than to hand yourself over to the sole dominion of so cruel a master.

Her conscience drove Nelly Hildreth across Wilson's path again. She had persuaded herself that it was for the pleasure of seeing an old friend that she would visit his hotel, but a more powerful, irresistible motive was at work. The sin was too great. Conscience flagellated her soul. Her will was strong, and only in the agony of temptation had she yielded, reflecting that the chance of revelation was small. But in her heart she yearned for revelation, if revelation would throttle conscience.

Wilson wondered, as he paced up and down her sitting-room, after he had brought her home, semi-hysterical and trembling after the tension of the scene in the restaurant, how soon the third party to this painful drama would become aware of the truth. His first impulse had been to co-operate with the boy's mother in her passionate determination to preserve her son's happiness at all costs; but the more he pondered, the more sure he became that this, the simplest and most cowardly course, would in the end produce the greatest misery. No, he would tell the boy, his son, to-night. He should be made to see that the position had been brought about by his mother's mistaken generosity, not by any traitorous act on the part of his father. The woman begged on her knees for her silence, but the agony of her mood, the excitement of her prayers, only strengthened his resolve.

At one o'clock, the man whom Wilson had first known under his stage name of Erskine pushed open the sitting-room door. His face was flushed and his clothes were disarrayed. It was easy to see that he had had a good deal to drink. He stood for a moment, and then strode into the room, banging the door behind him.

"Oh, you're here. You're an old friend of my mother's, eh? Have you got any other lies to tell?"

"You have heard something, then."

"Troughton, an old friend of mine, saw you at supper to-night. He says he knew my mother, used to act with her, surprised to see I knew her, used to carry on, he says, with a young fellow named Jack Wilson. He left her, ran away and left her with a baby. Everybody knew, he says."

"He has not told you all the truth."

"All be damned." He strode across to the couch, where his mother sat huddled up.

"Out with it, now. You've lied to me. I'm the son of somebody's woman, eh? Pounds, shillings, and pence! Oh, you hateful thing!" His voice rose shrilly. He talked wildly, foolishly, like a child. And tears ran down his cheeks.

Wilson gripped him by the shoulders, and forced him into a chair. For a moment the boy yielded. Then, as Wilson removed his hands, he sprang to his feet. The elder man saw a white, gleaming face, with wet brows and tousled hair. He saw the young fellow's muscular arm go back, and felt the fist crash against his mouth.

Some hours later, when he struggled, dazed and bleeding, to his feet, he found the room was empty. On the table was a crumpled ball of paper, which might have been tossed in through the open door. Wilson did not remember seeing it before. He smoothed the paper and read these last words from the mother of his son :—

He is taking me away. He said I must go with him or you. If I had chosen you, he would have killed me. For my sake, do not follow. I love the boy best. God help you, Jack.—NELL.

B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Quaint Readers in Queer Quarters

In the Wild West

The Redskins belong to the Blood Indian Tribe, and the white man holding the paper is a constable of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Sent by Mr. G. C. PINHORN, Pendant d'Orielle, Coutts, Alberta, Canada

Sons of the Prophet Bound for Mecca

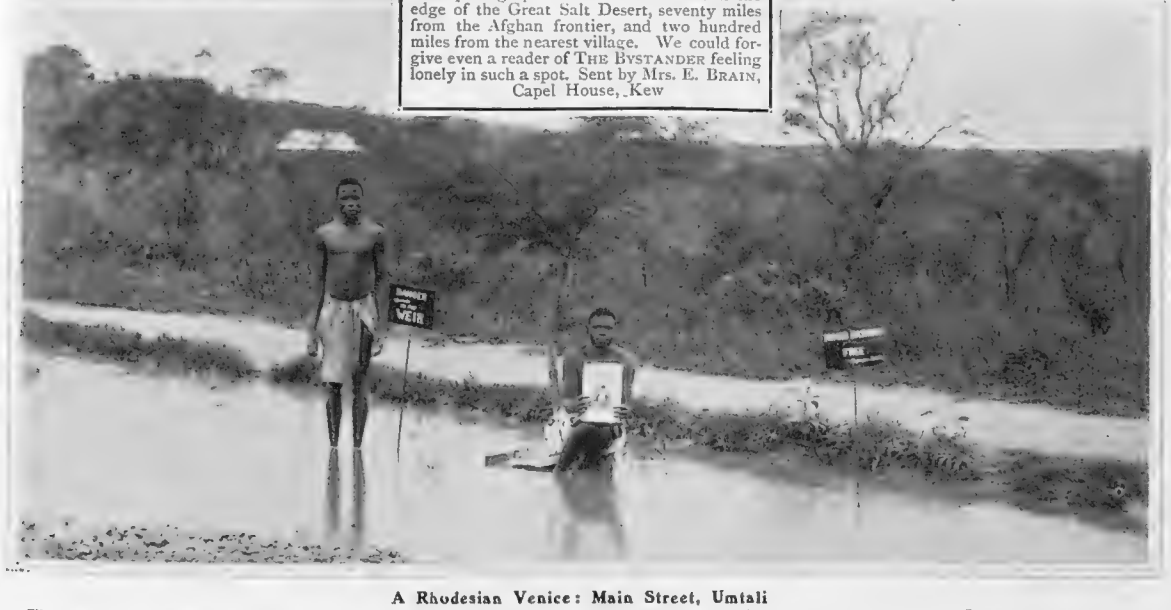
Taken *en route* from Bombay to Yeddah with 7,600 Hajis on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The men in the group are merchants from Cabul, who only consented to having their photographs taken after much persuasion, as such a proceeding is contrary to their religion. Sent by Mr. A. E. GOLDSMITH, s.s. *Sealdo*, Perim

On the Borders of the Great Salt Desert

This photograph was taken in Persia at the edge of the Great Salt Desert, seventy miles from the Afghan frontier, and two hundred miles from the nearest village. We could forgive even a reader of THE BYSTANDER feeling lonely in such a spot. Sent by Mrs. E. BRAIN, Capel House, Kew

An East African "Mrs. Wiggs"

Otherwise Mrs. Kamoransamba of the Potato Patch! This lady is a native of Ungaro, East Central Africa, and in the photograph is busy hoeing her sweet potato garden, this vegetable being the natives' staple food. (Sender's name indecipherable)



A Rhodesian Venice: Main Street, Umtali

The nearest approach South Africa at present has to Venice is in Umtali, Rhodesia, shown above. Particular attention should be given to the notice boards, which, apart from showing the up-to-dateness of the Municipality, are reminiscent of the familiar mooring posts so prominent in every Venetian picture. Sent by Mr. J. M. Mein, Umtali, Rhodesia

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting and the Frost

At the beginning of last week, just when hunting people had resigned themselves to rather a prolonged stoppage of sport, and had imagined it safe to leave their winter quarters for a few days, the frost ended with amazing rapidity. In the early hours of the Monday morning the going had been like adamant; twelve hours later the surface of the ground was actually on the soft side. The weather changes so quickly at this time of the year that one never can tell whether it will be possible to hunt from one day to another. But followers of hounds are hoping, with characteristic optimism, for no more frost this season; the recent interruption came as a little *entr'acte* which gave horses the chance of a rest, and now in the Midlands and elsewhere they are looking forward to decent weather until the end.

A Veteran M.F.H.

Mr. W. de Salis Filgate, who has hunted the Louth Hounds since 1860. He has never missed a single hunting day with his hounds, and only a few days back the hunt came in for a fine forty minutes' gallop, which was only brought to an end by failing light

Notable Veterans

Two veterans whose names are now much in the public eye are Lord Portman and Mr. W. de S. Filgate. The former is completing his jubilee as M.F.H., while the extraordinary record has been credited to Mr. Filgate that he has not missed a single hunting day with the Louth Hounds since he took over the Mastership of that pack as far back as 1860. I understand that Lord Portman will hunt his country next season only two days a week instead of three, and this is probably because foxes are not so plentiful as they used to be in certain parts of the district. Partridges and pheasants are responsible for the shortage, and it is a great pity that shooting syndicates and other game preservers will not give Reynard a chance.

Two Irish M.F.H.'s

Current instances of Masters changing from one country to another may be quoted in Mr. Harry Whitworth and Mr. Nigel Baring, both, curiously enough, well-known polo players as well as successful M.F.H.'s. Mr. Whitworth leaves the Westmeath Hounds at the end of the season in order to take over the Holderness, and this change has an obvious *raison d'être*, for his family ties are in Yorkshire, and he will be practically "at home" in commanding the best

On the Look Out for Wild Fowl in the Fens

The recent spell of rough and wintry weather drove an immense quantity of wild fowl inland, and on the marshes and in the Fen districts large numbers are being shot or taken alive by means of nets. For all these there is a ready sale in the London and provincial markets, and Fen gunners are now very busy reaping quite a harvest

A Day with the South Berks Hunt

The South Berks Foxhounds: Meet at Streatley in front of "The Bull"

Mr. Seymour Dubourg, the Master

Captain Mayall, who hunts the pack on certain days

A Difficult Hill to Negotiate

The South Berks Hounds are one of the best packs in the Home Counties, and have been under the Mastership of Mr. Seymour Dubourg since 1894. Capt. C. G. Mayall is sharing the duties of huntsman with him this season

plough country in the broad-acred county. Mr. Baring merely moves over the border of the Duhallow Hunt into the County Limerick country, which is not noted for its scent-carrying capacity, but is a most pleasant tract of big, undulating grass pastures. Long runs far into the charming Limerick country have frequently been had by the Duhallow under the Mastership of Mr. Baring, who is not a little of a hero with the farmers and others in this part of Ireland. Naturally, the Duhallow people are very sorry to lose him.

Hunting Humours

Jealousy plays as potent a part—occasionally to the amusement of those not too intimately concerned—in the hunting-field as in other spheres of life. Now, in a certain country, there were two gentlemen whose frequent and keen competition became somewhat marked. At last, what had been long foreseen as the inevitable occurred. In the course of a smart burst, after riding neck and neck, the twain came to a big fence, with only one negotiable place in its whole length. Neither would give way an inch; they rose—and fell—together. When they had picked themselves up, and recovered from the first violent shock of collision, the one who found his voice first had matters all his own way, as he exercised a reputation for command of language which he well sustained. He wound up by indignantly demanding, "Why couldn't you look where you were going—you must have seen me perfectly well?" But his rival had other views concerning the vexed question of precedence at a fence. "See *you?*" he shouted, with concentrated scorn, as he clambered back into his muddy saddle. "Sir, I come out hunting to see hounds hunt, *not to see you ride!*"

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Harry Whitworth

Who, at the end of the season, is giving up the Mastership of the Westmeath Hounds to take over the Holderness

The Polo "Black List"

If not in fear and trembling, the leading polo players at least await the annual publication of the Black List with considerable interest. They tell you how they would hate to be on it, and thus be debarred from playing in certain tournaments. But don't believe it; they are mightily pleased to have the compliment paid to them really. For this so-called Black List, otherwise known as the Recent Form List, is a veritable Legion d'Honneur of polo. Inclusion marks a player at once as one of the very best of his day, and is a tangible proof of excellence, to be cherished, surely, in after years. The task of compiling the list is not an easy one, but everyone admits that the sub-committee do their work well. This year they have decided to leave out the Hon. Aubrey Hastings and Mr. S. A. Watt, and in their places we have Captain Godfrey Heseltine and Mr. Larry Waterbury. The latter is an American, whom all polo players will remember for his fine play in 1902. He will be seen at the London clubs this season; indeed, do not be surprised if he and Foxhall Keene lead a pretty warm American team on to the field in the Olympic games at Hurlingham.

A. W. C.

Sully Coursing Meeting: The crowd

Despite an extensive and attractive programme, the attendance, so far as owners were concerned, was not up to the expectations of the promoters of the meeting. The public, however, turned up in large numbers, and some good sport was witnessed

Photo *Cousins*

Captain E. G. Pretyman (ex-M.P.)

The late Secretary to the Admiralty. He is acting as Deputy-Master of the Brocklesby Hounds in the absence of Lord Yarborough this season

Scottish Salmon Fishing Starts

SCENES ON FAVOURITE STREAMS

Fishing on the Duke of Atholl's waters at Benchill on the Tay

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Fishing at Burn Mouth: Pulling ashore to land a catch

Very quickly on the heels of the official New Year comes the New Year of the salmon fisher. January 11 saw the opening on the waters of Thurso and Helmsdale, the 13th on Hope and Polla, and the 15th on the Forth and Tay. The date of the opening of the English season for fishing generally is Monday, February 3

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Rubina." By James Blyth. (Long: 6s.)

"Lisheen." By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. (Longmans: 6s.)

"Lord Cammarleigh's Secret." By Roy Horniman. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

Mr. Pearson Perturbs Grub Street

Grub Street is, as might have been expected, characteristically a-growl at the latest usurpation by the indomitable Mr. Pearson —that of the *Times* itself! These growlers, though not over respectable themselves, have a love of respectability in others which is positively pathetic, and their unanimous lament is that, having become the part property of Mr. Pearson, the *Times* will be "less respectable." Why, I do not know. Mr. Pearson is, after all, an educated Englishman, and directly associated with the official politics of one of the great parties of the State. Successful as he has been in his methods, merely to "make a paper go" has never been his sole guiding motive. To be distinctive and to be abreast of the coming generation, he has, on numerous occasions, sacrificed immediate prospects of profit. At all costs, he avoids the obvious. Mr. Pearson respects, does not despise, his public, and he has intelligence and experience enough to modify his methods according to the section to which he is appealing. It is probable that the *Times* will, under his auspices, be still the *Times* which, after all, won its fame not as an apostle of stodginess in politics, literature, etc., but as "The Thunderer" — an outspoken, fearless organ of national opinion and criticism.

Mr. Pearson and Other People

With years, Mr. Pearson has, most probably, abandoned many of the little notions of his early days. Possibly he no longer regards a journalist of twenty-five as a patriarch, or contemplates one of thirty with similar feelings to those with which Professor Pepper, at the Highgate exhumation, contemplated the late Mr. T. C. Druce. Mr. Pearson, though ever a believer in youth, has never favoured the policy of the "Open Door" for old servants and associates; his loyalty and constancy to these has ever been one of his most benevolent characteristics. Whither he goes, they, too, generally go, and it is by no means unlikely that the columns of the *Times* will reflect, as have those of the *Standard* and *Express*, the riper thoughts of the men who, in other days, helped to make *Pearson's* so pertinaciously "weekly," and *Home Notes* so infallibly homely.

Mr. Pearson and Himself

With all his hustling, Mr. Pearson wins the affection and devotion of those who work with him. His bluff, humorous manner places the most nervous man at his instant ease. In conference, he sums up whatever situation is being discussed in the tersest of phrases, interjected between the puffs of the long cigars he loves. He enjoys a joke ever so keenly, and, though fully conscious of his power, is entirely deficient in the quality known as "side." As an employer he knows the exact duties of each assistant, and knows also the exact way in which he (or she) is discharging them. He congratulates and condemns, he engages and dismisses, with equal brevity. With him, it is a case of being either taken to his heart or dropped like a hot cinder. Though he has trodden on many toes, there is no man who has made fewer enemies than Mr. Pearson of Printing House Square.

A Change of Fashion in Heroines

While on the theme of "*tempora mutantur*," have you noticed the distinct change of fashion in heroines? At the play, of course, we all know by this time the "Shavian" type of young woman (alias the Superman): she who is no longer the hunted but the hunter of men; the bold, brazen creature who lures and secures; whose tactics have converted man into a perpetual fugitive. In each of Mr. Shaw's plays she turns up smiling and wiling, whether her period be Edwardian or Cæsarean.

The Male "Tess"

Of course, the novelists haven't climbed down the area and deliberately sneaked Miss Shaw, and used her for their own base purposes. But in the conventional heroine of the day one notices a very distinct tendency that way. Glancing over my last week's list of "sex-novels of the year," I remember as the heroine of nearly every one a woman of the Superman *genus*. She sees the man of her desire, and carefully enmeshes him in her soft coils. In each case, as the hero, you have a sort of male Tess. Presented to you in place of the bold adventurer of yore is a slim, slight, half-frightened creature, marked down by madame or mademoiselle, and captured without attempt at resistance. To the novelist, the new heroine is a bit of an economy in her way. Being what she is, she saves him a heap of trouble, for is she not heroine and villain in one? To the story, she contributes all the grace and charm that is wanted, and, at the same time, all the wickedness. For the pure, demure creature that once was fiction's favourite, you must nowadays look to the novelette, or to the pages of those nestling little "home" periodicals whose prosperity first paved, for a Harmsworth, the way to the peerage, and, for a Pearson, the way to the *Times*.

The New Heroine in Art

In presenting to us the new heroine, some of the publishers have thought it wise to aid the novelist's art with that of the painter. On this page, I am reproducing three "new heroines" as they have been frontispieced for three recent novels. The types of beauty are different, of course; but in the book they share the same attributes. Each and all has been a man-hunter, and each has caught her prey. It will be noticed that the sad, or even sulky, expression has been favoured by the artist; but, then, is not that rather the facial mode of the moment? Am I right or am I dreaming when I record a distinct impression that the radiant dental smile which once greeted me from the lips of the theatrical beauty of the hour has now given way to the petulant pout and the downcast eye? If anybody doubts this change, let him watch the pages of some of our contemporaries (or even of our modest selves), and I think he will see that it is a reality.

The heroine of "Rubina," by James Blyth

THE NEW HEROINE IN FICTION: THREE TYPES IN RECENT NOVELS

The Latest Example

Rubina, the latest "new heroine," is introduced to us by the clever author of "Amazement," Mr. James Blyth. She makes Tesses of two men: the first, a plain sergeant in the army of Queen Victoria, the second, a subaltern. Having twiddled with round her little finger by the judicious use of her face (see portrait), she contrives to make plenty of havoc. The story, like Mr. Blyth's previous volumes, is lively and exceedingly smartly written, and has that delightfully cynical, but very anti-feminine, touch which amazed us in "Amazement." The Boer War serves as a determining factor in the story, and exciting use is made of the Siege of Ladysmith, in which both the victims dramatically figure. As to which of them survives to enjoy in perpetuity the privilege of mateship with Rubina must be left to the reader to find out. (Mr. Blyth has made it easy by stating it in the very last sentence, to which ladies will, of course, immediately refer.)

The heroine of "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn

The heroine of "The Unpardonable Sin," by James Douglas

The heroine of the average story of to-day is more of the sad, or sulky, type than radiant and joyous, as of old. The above studies, frontispieces of recent novels, illustrate the new fashion in faces, which seems to be spreading to the stage

(Reproduced by courtesy of the respective publishers: Messrs. John Long, Duckworth, and E. Grant Richards)

"Lisheen"

There is not a large number of novels to dilate on this week, though some promising volumes reach me at the moment of going to press. A word is deserved by *Lisheen* (Longmans), by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. This is a sort of social-study-cum-romance, telling of life in Ireland. The hero (like our friend of "The Lord of Latimer Street") tries the life of the poor, and, like Miss Wardle's hero, finds it not altogether conducive to health. So he breaks down. However, he succeeds in doing some good, and does not, like the Lord in question, merely break a poor little girl's heart. A side-issue of the story is somewhat novel. It is really horrible for Claire Moulton to discover that the man to whom she has sold herself in the matrimonial market and is married (Outram) is a . . . . . (The volume is obtainable from Longmans: 6*s*.)

Vegetarianism in Music

Great Musicians (E. Grant Richards: 6*s*.) is not, perhaps, the most original or expressive of titles for Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow to have chosen for his latest book. The musicians treated of are entirely of the ancient, not of the modern, *genus*, and this might, advisably, have been suggested in the title. Mr. Oldmeadow's motive is, apparently, to induce the generation to forswear its allegiance to the modern "tone-painters" in favour of a return to the musical simple-life. It is as a sort of musical vegetarian that Mr. Oldmeadow reveals himself. He would induce us to abandon Wagnerian steak and Straussian tripe, and diet ourselves on Purcellian beans and Lullian lentils. An abandoned meat-eater myself, a lover of heartrending harmonies and preposterous polyphony, I cannot go all the way with Mr. Oldmeadow in his demand for tum-tum and tinkle-tinkle. However, I have read with deep interest his biographical sketches, those of Purcell and Handel being particularly fascinating. The most arresting of Mr. Oldmeadow's abstract disquisitions is that on the "Unceasing Chant." He trenchantly defends the Plain Song against the taunt of its critics that it is of "antiquarian rather than musical value." He reminds these persons that, while their own music is dependent on the major and minor scales alone for emotional effect, the music of the Roman Church, being based on eight tones, can, without the aid of harmony, cater for eight distinct moods of the hearer. The defence of "Gregorians" on æsthetical and mystical grounds has too seldom been proffered. It certainly never seems to occur to modern musicians to seek for subtlety in simplicity. And they can never be quaint quietly.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Club Teams

Writing from Liverpool, that fruitful home of golf, a correspondent has made a suggestion which highly commends itself to me. Briefly put, his idea is as follows: That clubs should devote more time and attention to inter-club team matches than they have hitherto done.

With this purpose in view, every club should have two or three teams, first, second, and third, consisting of six or eight men in each team. At the start, the committee would choose the teams according to the handicaps of the players, but, in order to introduce the spirit of emulation, the position of players in the teams would subsequently depend on their play in the following manner: Each man in any team would have the privilege, at stated periods fixed by the committee, of challenging either of the two men immediately above him to a match, on the result of which would depend the future position in the team of the players. If the challenger should win, he would be promoted. No player, however, would probably be expected to justify his position in the above manner more than once a month at the most, but the time-limit of challenges could be easily fixed by the committee. Promotion from one team to another would be managed by allowing the head man of each of the lower teams to challenge the lowest man in the team immediately above his own at intervals fixed by the committee.

Inter-Club Matches

If clubs would take up this idea and constitute teams in this fashion, there might soon be many more inter-club matches than there are now. The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society has given a noble example in this respect. I think it important to lay down one condition, viz., that all club-team matches should be decided by points. I fancy that the reason so many players fight shy of team matches is because they are afraid of being off colour on the day, and getting beaten by a vast quantity of holes to the detriment of their team and their own disgrace, private and public. If a man's defeat only entails the loss of a point to his side and a fraction for the bye, he can contemplate the result with more equanimity than in the case of "holes up," with the terrifying possibilities of that system of scoring.

Two Annual Scoring Events Sufficent

I would further postulate that in all club matches where two rounds can be played, the afternoon round should be devoted to foursomes. In this way, members would get practice both in singles and in foursomes, while the enjoyment of the meeting of the two club teams would be much enhanced by the more social and friendly foursome in the afternoon. As I have hinted above, this wholesome rivalry between clubs and among the individual members of clubs would probably lead to a diminution of monthly medals, cups, and prizes at club meetings decided by scoring. Two scoring events each year are quite enough for any club.

Further than this, inter-club matches would tend to raise the tone of amateur golf, for it would give the leading players in a club the opportunity of meeting foemen worthy of their steel in other clubs, and would prevent them continually plodding along the rut of matches with players in their own club, whose every movement and shot are as familiar to them as their own faces.

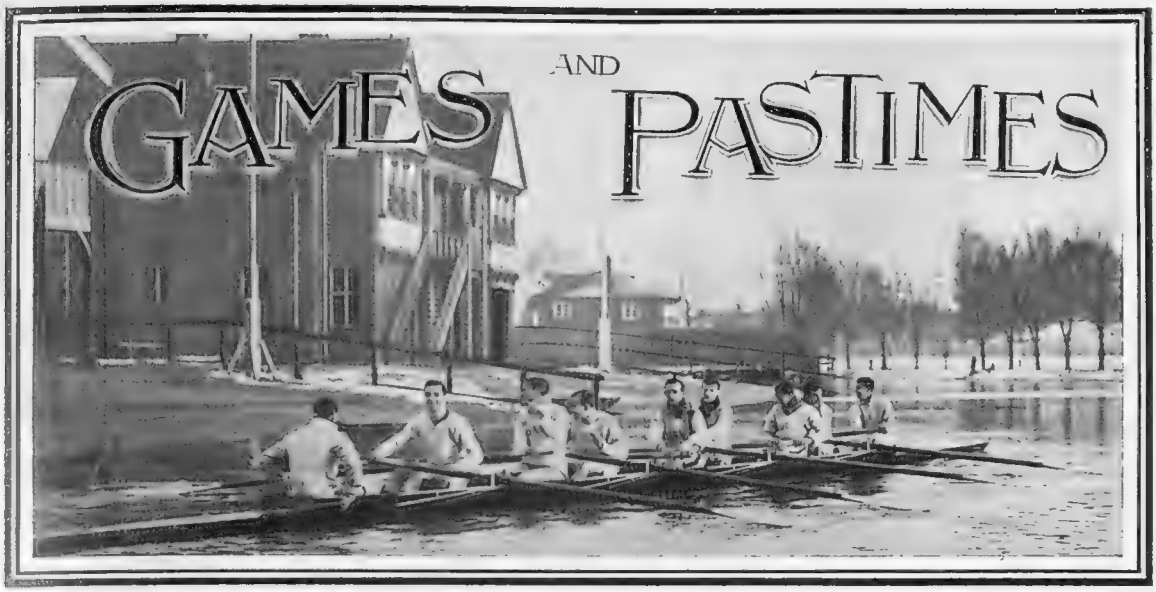
Therefore I welcome my Liverpool correspondent's suggestion, and commend it warmly to the consideration of Golf Club Committees. ERNEST LEHMANN.

New Golf Pavilion at Skelmorlie

The Skelmorlie course, on which a new pavilion was opened on New Year's Day, is of an inland character, situated some 400 ft. above sea level, within easy reach of Greenock and Glasgow. The holes vary in length from 100 to 570 yards, and supply a good test of golf, the greens being of excellent quality, and the course well and carefully kept. The membership is not far short of two hundred, and in the summer is well patronised by visitors.

Photo] **The Opening of the New Pavilion of the Skelmorlie Golf Club** *[J. and R. Couper*

On New Year's Day, the new home of the Skelmorlie Golf Club was formally opened by Colonel Matheson, President of the Club, in the presence of a large turn-out of members and friends. The course, which supplies a good test of golf, is situated on high ground, whence a magnificent panorama is obtainable over the Firth of Clyde



Preparing for the Boat Race: The Cambridge Eight at practice

Practice for the Boat Race, which will probably take place on April 4, began at Cambridge last week

ROWING

Boat Race Beginnings

Practice for the Boat Race—the probable date of which is April 4—began at Cambridge last Thursday. There are only three of last year's eight in residence besides the cox., R. Boyle, namely, E. W. Powell (president), D. C. R. Stuart (secretary), and J. S. Burn, but the trials proved that there are plenty of good men available. F. H. Jerwood, who stroked the winning four last term as well as the winning trial, has been stroking the boat, and the president, I believe, intends to give a show to at least ten others of the trials men in addition to E. G. Williams, the Eton freshman who has been rowing six. With so much material to choose from, he has wisely lost no time in getting to work. Of the heavy-weights, O. A. Carver (who put up such a good fight against Powell in the Colquhouns), C. J. W. Henslow, and Williams, may already be classified as "probables." At Oxford, practice has barely begun. Here, too, there is plenty of material for the president, A. G. Kirby, to pick and choose from. In fact, I am told that Oxford has not had such a good lot of oarsman up for several seasons past.

Photos

Cold, but Cheerful

(*On the left*), R. Boyle (the cox) (*On the right*), G. L. Thomson

HOCKEY

The Southern Set-back

The unexpected defeat of the South by the West last Saturday levels things up nicely, and makes the discussion of the probable composition of the International team interesting. The match was played under abnormal conditions, for the ground was frost-bound, and if we had had Shoveller and the two Robinsons we might have won. But that must not prevent us from giving credit where credit was due, or from admitting that the better team won on the day.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The English Fifteen

Last week I ventured to express a hope that in selecting the team to meet Wales on Saturday next the selectors would make as few changes as possible from that which defeated France, and I am glad that this hope has been realised. The only radical change is at half-back, where Portus and Sibree have given way to Williamson, the South African Oxonian, and Peters, the Devon International. This was to be expected, for Portus and Sibree, against France, were not quite quick enough in getting the ball away when it came out from the scrum. I only wish Stoop were well enough to play, for I still consider him to be the best stand-off half in England. Wood is chosen again at back, and there is practically no change at three-quarter, for Vassall, the Oxonian, was to have played against France instead of Lapage. Forward the only change is that Chambers (who, by the way, was injured in the French match) gives way to C. E. L. Hammond, the old Harlequin International.

Illustrations Bureau

The Cambridge Secretary

D. C. R. Stuart

LAWN TENNIS

The Championships—"Take Your Seats"

Although the season of winter outdoor games is but little more than half over, we are pleasantly reminded—especially after the antics which the weather has recently been performing—of the extraordinary popularity of one of our summer pastimes by the fact that the All-England Lawn Tennis Club is already issuing its annual manifesto as to the prices of, and means of securing, reserved seats for the Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon. Last year, all the available reserved seats were applied for and allotted so early that those who expected to be in time by applying as soon as the season proper commenced, found, to their disgust, that they were too late, and, therefore, it can do no harm if I advise all would-be "reservists" to send in their applications at once—especially as I happen to know that the rush is already beginning. Of course, it is not absolutely necessary to buy a reserved seat in order to see the best matches, and if you don't want to go, or can't get, to Wimbledon more than two or three times, a reserved seat costing a guinea and admitting you to the whole meeting (there are no others which can be booked *in advance*) sounds rather extravagant. And yet (since a reserved seat includes admission), if you can only see your way to using it three or four times, you are doing the thing in far greater comfort and paying very little more than those who do it on the day-ticket system.

Photo] **"The black ice ringing to the stroke"** *[Gordon Smith*

A fine "8" executed by a brilliant skater at Bewdley

A Promising Outlook

At one time I thought that the lawn tennis season of 1908 was going to be a comparatively lean one, but I don't think so now. The lawn tennis section of the Olympic games will attract a goodly number of foreign competitors, and they will almost inevitably arrange to "do" Wimbledon as well, so that we shall have at least two important events, in which the International element will predominate, in the best part of the season. And, moreover, I have good reason to believe that both the Dohertys intend to emerge from their temporary retirement. "R. F." has already left for the South of France — the Mecca of all lawn tennis players who are lucky enough to be able to make the pilgrimage—while "H. L." has shown in the course of some games on the covered courts at Queen's Club that the fascinations of golf—a game at which he is very much more than ordinarily proficient—have not wholly conquered his affection for his first, and I am inclined to fancy still foremost, love. If he reappears, it is not unlikely that Norman Brookes will come over from Australia to defend the Championship.

TOBOGGANING

Cresta Precautions at St. Moritz

At St. Moritz, the two fatal accidents which occurred last season have led to the taking of additional measures for keeping the course absolutely clear on the Cresta run; in fact, so elaborate is the system of control, that the risk of a serious accident nowadays is almost infinitesimal. This is a great contrast to the state of affairs about twenty years ago. In those days there was no watchman of any kind at the point where the road crosses the run, and a rider coming down literally took his chance of cannoning into someone or something at this crossing. And yet the two fatal accidents of last season are the only ones recorded in Cresta annals.

BEAUTY TOPICS

An Anglo-Indian lady writes:—"When I started Antipon I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—"I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

* * * * *

The Charm of a Graceful Figure

A graceful figure is one of woman's greatest charms, and when over-stoutness robs a woman of her freedom of movement and grace of bearing, even the possession of correct features will not atone for the loss of physical beauty. But even the features soon lose their beauty of line when obesity begins to assert itself. The double chin and puffy cheeks and neck, so much dreaded by those who are rather inclined to plumpness, are not long in showing themselves, and so the beauty which should be every healthy woman's possession gradually wanes, that is, if the proper scientific means of fat-reduction are not soon adopted. The famous Antipon treatment has proved a heaven-sent blessing to thousands of women, who, having to deplore the too rapid development of *embonpoint* without apparent cause, have cured the tendency to over-fatness by taking a few bottles of Antipon. How amazed those fortunate ladies have been to see how rapidly the superfluous flesh has disappeared, leaving the figure with all its natural grace; and when they have really discovered, after discontinuing the doses, that there are no further signs of excessive fat-formation, amazement gives way to rejoicing. The fact is, Antipon possesses the supreme power of overcoming the disease of obesity itself, which is neither more nor less than the chronic tendency to run to fat. That tendency may be to a certain extent constitutional. Never mind that. Antipon will gradually remove it during the process of weight-reduction. Corpulence, which is the result of want of exercise, forced sedentary habits, a too liberal indulgence in rich foods, etc., will, when neglected, develop into chronic obesity. Do not allow it to. Enjoy a course of the Antipon treatment, which is as harmless as it is pleasant, and the beneficial effects will soon be apparent. And please note this: the Antipon treatment calls for no displeasing dietary restrictions. The rational pleasures of the table may be indulged in freely. Good nourishment will no longer run to unwholesome fat, simply because the abnormal tendency that way is overmastered, but it will most certainly increase muscular development, and the limbs will thereby become firm and nicely moulded. Flabbiness of the limbs is due to fatty infiltration; the muscular fibre is thereby degenerated. Antipon soon disperses the excessive fatty deposits; the new muscular tissue formed will do the rest.

As a tonic, Antipon is of the greatest value. It creates and maintains a healthy natural appetite, and has an admirable effect upon the whole digestive system. Thus the rational meals the subject enjoys, both during and after the treatment, ensure perfect nutrition, the wholesome food consumed being thoroughly digested. Among the many hundreds of persons of both sexes who have favoured the Antipon Company with voluntary testimonials, many express themselves quite as gratefully for the remarkable effects of Antipon on the digestive system as for its permanently beneficial effects as a weight-reducer and general tonic. These letters may be examined by anyone at the offices of the Company.

As to the fat-reducing power of Antipon, this is almost immediately demonstrated; for within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb. Of course, individual conditions differ greatly. There is, however, always a pleasing reduction within the time specified, and afterwards a reliable decrease day by day until complete and lasting restoration of the charming, graceful figure so ardently desired. To the renewed physical beauty is added the renewed beauty of health. The improved digestive powers and healthy appetite are not alone the causes of restored health, strength, and vitality. Antipon, of course, removes the abnormal internal fatty deposits which so dangerously hamper the natural action of the vital organs, and the effect of this removal is supremely beneficial. The action of the heart, liver, and kidneys is greatly eased; the circulation is quickened; the lungs are enabled to expand properly, and there is no more difficulty in breathing, from which so many victims of obesity suffer so grievously. After a course of Antipon life seems to assume a new aspect—one looks and feels years younger.

Antipon is composed only of the purest and most harmless vegetable ingredients in solution, and can be taken at all hours without disturbing after-effects.

This invaluable remedy is sold, by all chemists, in bottles, the price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* It can also be obtained direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E., on receipt of remittance.

The Illustrated London News says: "Hosts of stout people who have tried all kinds of disagreeable, semi-starvation methods of fat-reduction are despairing of ever again attaining normal proportions. Let them abandon once and for all such dangerous and debilitating systems and try Antipon, the tonic muscle-strengthening cure for over-fatness. Antipon lastingly eliminates from the system all superfluous fat and destroys the tendency to fat-formation."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News says:—"I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity, which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient."

The Methodist Recorder says:—"It is satisfactory to know that Antipon is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

The Graphic says:—"A wonderful specific in the treatment of corpulence is Antipon, which causes a daily diminution of fat until normal weight is attained. The cure is lasting and the treatment is harmless. The tonic effects of Antipon are wonderful; the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, the blood purified, and the muscles strengthened."

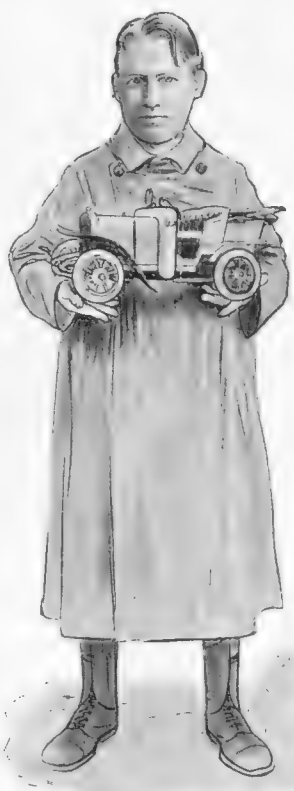
Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of disappointment, may be obtained (on sending amount) carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. LVII. : Mr. Percy Martin

The name of Mr. Percy Martin at once brings to one's mind the great workshops of the Daimler Company at Coventry, for it is the subject of our Car-icature who presides over the destinies of England's pioneer motor manufacturing company at the place whence the mighty Daimler cars are gradually evolved from masses of steel. Mr. Percy Martin is an American, and, like so many of his countrymen, is a real hustler. During the last five years, since he has been responsible for the designing of Daimler cars, they have grown even more than before in popular favour, and the support that has been accorded to these magnificent pieces of engineering is, perhaps, the best argument that the adherents of the principle of the four cylinders as compared with the six can produce. Mr. Percy Martin does not appear very much in the public eye, but he is a strong man behind the scenes, and is on the sunny side of forty.



Car-icature—No. LVII. : Mr. Percy Martin
The man who presides over the destinies of the great Daimler Company at Coventry. He is an American, and a great believer in the four-cylinder car as against the six-cylinder
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The police authorities, I understand, are very disappointed at having lost their case at Newmarket last week. Quite recently an Automobile Association scout had been convicted at Kingston for obstructing the police, and the hopes of the Force were keenly in the ascendant. At Newmarket the charge was the same, viz., of "obstruction," which, translated into ordinary colloquial phraseology, meant that the police at Newmarket, having a ten miles an hour speed limit, were hoping to entrap the ignorant and unwary, but were prevented by the A.A. scout, who warned motorists of the plot. The magistrates found that the scout was not guilty of obstruction, and, in fact, accepted Sir Charles Mathews's contention that the scout was justified in preventing motorists from breaking the law by giving them due warning.

* * *

As a motorist, I feel very pleased that the police prosecution failed. We have many rotten laws in this country, but a more insensate and unfair piece of legislation than the speed limit law would be difficult to find. When, in addition to this, in hundreds of towns a speed limit of ten miles per hour is imposed, and motorists are presumed by the law to be acquainted with these arbitrary distinctions, it becomes too preposterous. The police do not "play the game" in these matters. Without exaggeration, it may be stated that, in nine cases out of ten in which convictions of motorists for exceeding the speed limit occur, the offender is not wilfully disobeying the law, for your average Englishman is nothing if not a slave to his country's laws. If he is exceeding the limit, he breaks the law through mistaking the pace at which he is travelling—a very easy thing to do—or he is innocent of the fact that he is passing through a precious district with a ten-mile-an-hour limit. He is fined heavily in every case; and, in fact, very rarely do motorists even attempt to throw good money after bad by defending a case, as they know how hopeless it all is. Now and again a defendant, confident that he is innocent, goes to the trouble and expense of defending himself, and leaves the Court a wiser if a poorer man.

* * *

Only this week two notorious cases have been brought to my notice which will prove how a motorist is fleeced for being guilty of a slight technical breach of the law. Mr. Colin Defries, the well-known concessionnaire of "Porthos" cars, was summoned before Mr. Plowden a few days ago for having driven at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour in St. John's Wood Road for a short distance. Mr. Defries pleaded guilty and apologised, but it appeared on his licence that about ten months ago he was fined £20 at Kingston for doing thirty miles an hour, and shortly after for doing thirty-eight miles per hour at Edgware, where he was fined £20 and his licence suspended for six months. In both these former cases the offence was purely a technical one, and yet this unfortunate young gentleman is treated as though he were an enemy of the most virulent description to law and order, and is fined £30 for driving two hundred yards at five miles over the speed limit. It is enough to make a man turn Anarchist! [A man who drives furiously and to the public danger is in quite another category.] The other case is almost worse. A motorist had had some trouble with his engine, one of his cylinders refusing to work. The result was

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14-17 h.p. Mors	90
12-16 h.p. Gladiator, cape cart hood ...	140
12 h.p. Siddeley	130
14-20 h.p. Renault	550
16-20 h.p. Sunbeam, side entrance ...	275
12-15 h.p. Belsize	50
6½ h.p. Humberette	20
30 h.p. Napier six cylinder	400
9 h.p. Renault	110
16-24 h.p. De Dietrich	225
16-24 h.p. Fiat	250
40 h.p. Spyker	350
10-12 h.p. Argyll, 2 seater	80
10-12 h.p. Gnome	80
10 h.p. Leader, 2 seater	125

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WILL LAST A LIFETIME. ALL FLASKS GUARANTEED.

Every Traveller needs one. No Motor Outfit complete without one or more to carry HOT and COLD Drinks.

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Of all Stores, Silversmiths, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

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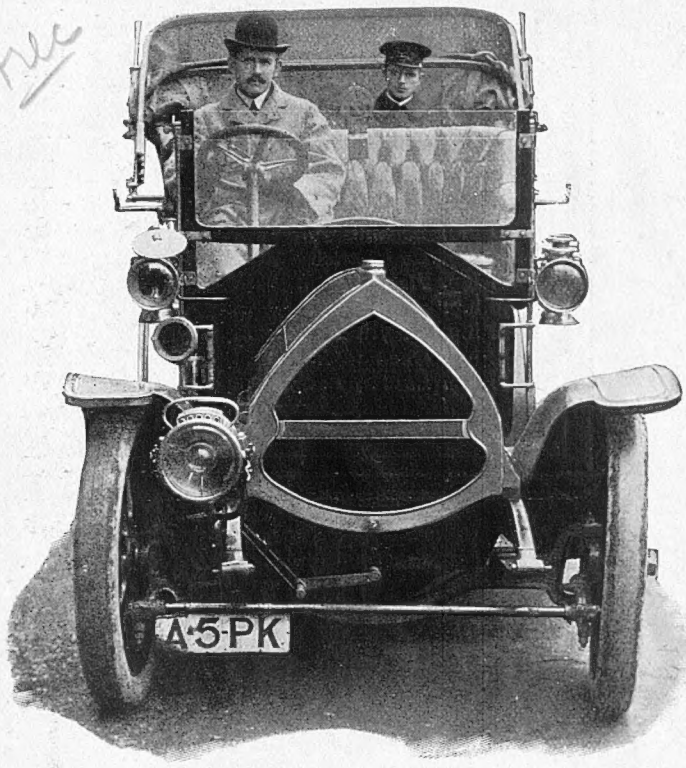
that he was delayed for some time, and night began to fall. Realising that he had no tail light, and not wishing to get into trouble with the police on that score, he drove home at a speed above the limit. The unfortunate man fell among thieves, appeared before the magistrates, and, having had the misfortune once before to get fined for some technical misdemeanour, was fined £30 and his licence suspended for six months.

* * *

This sort of thing goes on every day, and so long as mean devices are resorted to by the police to catch persons in order that heavy fines may be imposed, it behoves every motorist to support the A.A. in its efforts to render nugatory as far as possible these acts of legalised brigandage. I think the motor Press ought to take up the subject more strongly than is the case, for if it united to give full publicity to all charges against motorists for exceeding the limit, in the end the magistrates would find they had roused the indignation of all the better classes against themselves. Moreover, as regards the fines themselves, may I suggest that the motor Press should let everyone know where the money goes to? It is said that the police orphanages benefit, and if it is so, the sooner this *motif* is taken away from the police, the better chance justice will have. Surely, all moneys of this nature should go to the keeping up of the roads?



Mr. A. H. Adams at the wheel of his four-cylinder 30 h.-p. Adams Car

Mr. Adams is the managing director of the well-known Adams Manufacturing Company, and the car shown is the very latest pattern. The control, as far as the changing of speed is concerned, is entirely effected by pedals, which operate a system of gearing that is always in mesh. The radiator is quite distinctive, the brass fittings forming the letter "A"

* * *

A well-known motorist has written to me on the subject of my remarks two or three weeks ago on Mr. Harvey du Cros and the dumping of American cars on the market. My correspondent says that I do not apparently distinguish between dumped American cars and the importation of good foreign cars at fair prices. He goes on to tell me that Mr. du Cros has repeatedly said that, though he now imports certain well-known Continental cars, if Tariff Reform were to be adopted in this country he would at once start factories for making the cars over in England. Now, as regards my correspondent's first statement, I fear I must take exception to it. I said that "dumped" foreign cars would introduce very unfair competition, which, of course, is not the case with foreign cars sold at fair trade prices. At the same time, whether "dumped" or not, the money for the payment of them, or most of it, goes out of the country, and, as Mr. du Cros expressed such a holy horror at the notion of being connected with the "dumped" American cars, and, furthermore, informed us that he was a follower of Mr. Chamberlain, I naturally felt I was justified in asking him the question I did, viz.: Could he reconcile his political views with his business operations? I am sure Mr. du Cros is too sagacious to injure his own market by assisting "dumping" operations. Looking at the matter, however, from a national, apart from a market, point of view, there is no difference between "dumping" and importing foreign goods. Both are injurious to the trade, the "dumped" articles being the worse, as the competition is unfair. As regards Mr. du Cros setting up his own factories when Tariff Reform is introduced, I hope he will have the opportunity before very long.

* * *

Miscellanea

Mr. Edge tells me he has heard from the Brooklands Club that Mr. Tryon, before his accident, on the 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier on Thursday week, beat the fifty miles record, doing the distance in 37 min. 45·9 sec., equal to a speed of 79·43 m.p.h., with Pratt's motor spirit. I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Edge for the excellent likeness he sent me of himself as a New Year's gift. It is greatly appreciated here.

The Continental Tyre Company I must also thank for a most useful and handsomely bound pocket-book, containing pages for notes, etc. It has a "spare," and also a mass of information. I shall never motor without it, nor, I suspect, will the other fortunate recipients from among the firm's friends in the motor and cycle trade.

By an oversight, in our issue of January 1, in the entitlement of the photos of the 18 h.-p. Reo car, it was described as a four-cylinder. The 18 h.-p. Reo has, of course, a two-cylinder engine.

Rolls-Royce have had a pleasant annual meeting at Manchester. They announced a 6 per cent. dividend on the Preferred Ordinary shares, wrote £1,000 off preliminary expenses, and carried forward £1,379 18*s.* 8*d.* Mr. E. A. Claremont, the chairman (whose proffered resignation on the score of pressure of work elsewhere was unanimously refused), made an interesting speech, and said Rolls-Royce cars not only sold as fast as they were made, but they had large orders in hand.

Having just returned from a trip to Chamounix, it is a pleasure to be able to remark that the only car I saw there, for the altitude is a high one, was a British car, a Coventry-Humber, owned by a French officer. He told me it came up the mountains splendidly.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

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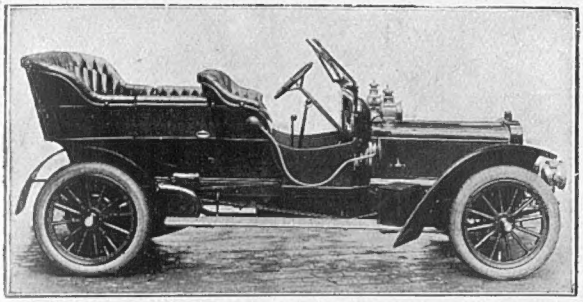

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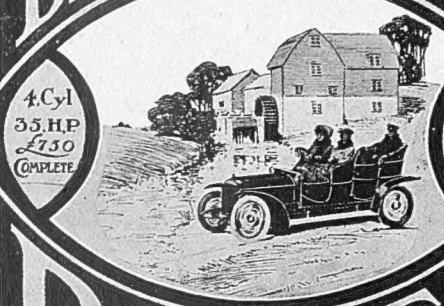

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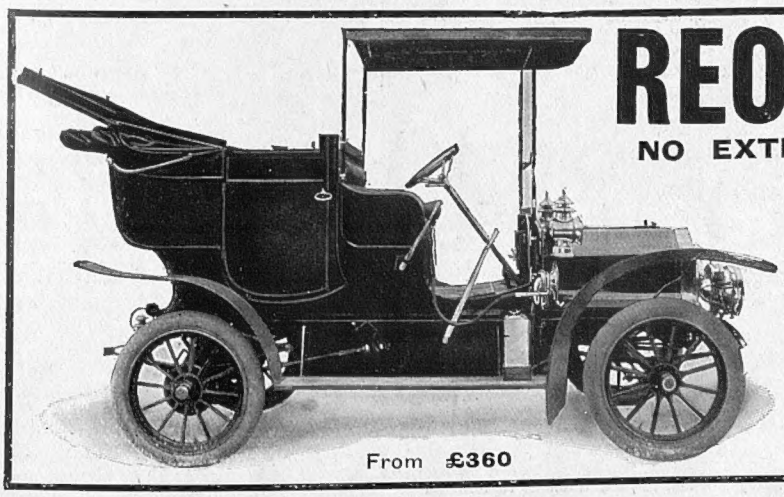

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FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Fascination of Flesh-Coloured Tulle

A distinguishing mark of the evening gown, approaching the ideal, is the almost invariable accompaniment of flesh-coloured tulle. Sometimes this is merely introduced as a folded chemisette arrangement, as a finish to the *décolletage*. Again, it occurs in the case of a whole lace gown, worked with long lines of gold that culminate at the hem of the skirt in a heavy, clustered, padded design. There are short, wrinkled chemise sleeves of delicate pink tulle illusion, lightly bespangled with gold, and a tucker drawn upon a gold thread. Sometimes, it is a fichu effect that is resorted to, a device eminently successful in the case of a pale mauve satin, hemmed with a line of dark fur at the foot; while for demi-toilette nothing is more becoming than a clear chemisette and high collar of hand-tucked flesh-coloured tulle, the upper edge of the collar surmounted by an exceedingly pronounced ruffle.

The classic tendency in relation to evening toilettes is made admirably manifest in the beautiful gown pictured. This is a creation of rose *crêpe de Chine*, ornamented with a Grecque design in gold, and worn with a *manteau* of heavy lace and fur, and a deeper rose chiffon.

Photo *Reutlinger*

The Classic Tendency in Evening Toilettes

A creation of rose *crêpe de Chine*, ornamented with a Greque design in gold, and worn with a *manteau* of heavy lace and fur, and a deeper rose chiffon

Shoolbred's Sale

There will be just time, when these words appear in print, to rush to Tottenham Court Road for the end of Shoolbred's sale. It may be said, without any invidious drawing of comparisons, that this is one of the few clearances at which the end is as good as the beginning. In fact, it is difficult to distinguish which is which in the flash of the three days. Out of 950 tailor-made skirts there will certainly be some left for the belated shopper. These are all built of the very best all-wool tweeds and friezes, and many are lined, being very real bargains at 12*s.* 9*d.* As are also two lines of black voile skirts, mounted on silk, respectively 27*s.* 6*d.* and 31*s.* 9*d.*, the latter price commanding a handsome decoration of silk bands almost to the knee, and procurable in cream as well as black. It is possible, but improbable, that any of the model gowns will be left; however, if fate is so kind, the thrifty woman will see to it that they are annexed.

Prominent among the choice opportunities in the mantles are some wonderful tweed coats, and also some capes, marked down to 18*s.* 6*d.*, and squirrel fur-lined coats from 45*s.*, a longer, better-class quality, with fur collar, starting at £4 15*s.*, considerably below original cost of production. The outfitting provides many admirable chances for securing model teagowns and dressing-gowns at half price, a wonderful Japanese quilted silk affair, with contrasting lining, selling at 18*s.* 9*d.* And the gloves, of course, are, as usual, big temptations, as may be judged by the desperate reduction of manufacturers'